POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.
WITH
ANNE BOLEYN
TO
King HENRY VIII.
AN
EPISTLE.

By Mrs. *ELIZABETH TOLLET.*

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THE following Poems were written by Mrs. ELIZABETH TOLLET, Daughter of *George Tollet*, Esq; Commissioner of the Navy, in the Reigns of King *William* and Queen *Anne*. She received a handsome Fortune from her Father, who observing her extraordinary Genius, gave her so excellent an Education, that besides great Skill in Music, and Drawing, she spoke fluently and correctly the *Latin*, *Italian*, and *French* Languages; and well understood History, Poetry, and the Mathematicks. These Qualifications were dignified by an unfeigned Piety, and the moral Virtues, which she possessed, and practised in

an

an eminent Degree. The former Part of her Life was ſpent in the Tower of *London*; the latter, at *Stratford* and *Weſtham*; where ſhe was buried. She died on the firſt of *February* 1754, aged 60.

POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.

APOLLO and *DAPHNE*,
From the First Book of
OVID's *METAMORPHOSIS*.

Primus amor Phœbi Daphne Peneïa—

THY first Belov'd was the *Thessalian* Fair,
O *Phœbus!* not from Chance thy am'rous Care,
But from Revenge of thy Corrival sprung.
With thy Success, and thy Reproaches sung.
For when the God, who late the serpent slew,
Saw the young Archer bend the stubborn Yew,

Fond Boy! he said, those manly Arms forbear,
Arms which are only fit for me to wear.
Th'unerring Wounds we gave the Monster show,
Our Hand can never err against a Foe:
See *Python*, far-extended on the Plain,
Who by innumerable Wounds lies slain:
Then, with thy Torch content vain Fires to light,
Forbear those Arrows, nor invade my Right.
Then *Venus*' Son: Thy Bow may never err,
But mine shall conquer thee, the Conqueror;
As far as Brutes beneath a Pow'r Divine,
So far thy Glory shall be less than mine.

This scarcely said, he shakes his painted Wings,
And to *Parnassus*' shady Summit springs.
There from his Quiver's pointed Store selects
Two diff'rent Darts, as diff'rent in Effects:
For banish'd Love with hasty Speed retires
Before the one, the other Love inspires:
That Love inspires is sharp, and Gold the Head;
The other Reed is tipp'd with blunted Lead.
Daphne with this he wounds; the other Dart
Pierc'd *Phœbus*' Breast, and rankled in his Heart.
He loves; the Name of Love she, bashful, hates,
And thee, unwed *Diana!* imitates:
In shady Woods delights her Charms to hide;
Her Hair, neglected, in a Ribbon ty'd,
The Spoils of Savage Beasts, dependent at her Side.
Her many woo'd; averse from all she flies,
Impatient of a Lord, and all denies;
Free, thro' the unfrequented Woods she goes;
What Love or Hymen are, nor cares, nor knows.

Her Father oft a Son-in-law desires:
Her Father Grandsons oft of her requires.
The Name of Marriage, which as Guilt she dreads,
Her lovely Face with modest Blushes spreads;
And hanging on his Neck, O! grant, she said,
Dear Father! I may ever be a Maid.
Diana's Father did to her consent.
He yields indeed: But, O! that Form was meant,
Thy Virgin Wish, fair Votress! to prevent.
Apollo loves, that he desires believes;
And with his Oracles himself deceives.
As smoaky Stubble does to Ashes turn,
With Wanderer's nightly Fires as Thickets burn;
The am'rous God consumes in secret Fires,
And feeds with barren Hopes his vain Desires.
Loose on her Neck he sees her artless Hair;
And cries, how this might be improv'd with Care?
Her Hands, her Arms expos'd to View admires;
Her Eyes, which emulate celestial Fires!
He sees her ruby Lips each other touch,
And, envious, thinks their Happiness too much.
At his Approach she flies, as swift as Wind,
The God and his Intreaties left behind.
Stay, Nymph! he cries, nor fear me as a Foe;
The tim'rous Hind springs from the Lion so!
So from the Eagle flies the trembling Dove;
They from their Fate, mistaken you from Love.
Ah! thou may'st fall; or on the cruel Thorn,
And I the Cause! thy tender Limbs be torn!
The Ways are rugged whither you repair;
Ah! moderate thy Speed, attend my Prayer.

More slow I'll follow thee. Yet stay and know,
That 'tis no Mountain Swain pursues you now;
No rugged Herdsman. Ignorant you fly,
Jove is my Father, I the World's great Eye;
I *Delphi*, *Tenedos*, and *Claros* sway,
My Pow'r the *Patarean* Realms obey;
And Future, Past, and Present I survey.
Harmonious Notes to flowing Verse I join:
Sure is my Dart, but one more sure than mine,
Which made those Wounds, for which no Cure I know,
Tho' I'm the great Physician call'd below.
To me, tho' Med'cine it's Invention owes,
And mine is ev'ry potent Plant that grows,
Alas! no Plant a Lover's Wound can heal;
And Arts which others aid their Master's fail.
More he had said, but his imperfect Pray'r
And him, she, tim'rous, leaves: the obvious Air
Waves her light Robes, and fans her flowing Hair.
Her Flight does her neglected Charms improve;
Charms that increas'd the God's impatient Love.
No more he bears his Flatteries to lose,
But now, by Love's Advice, her Steps pursues.
The Hare and Greyhound represent the Strife,
When he contends for Prey, and she for Life:
He seems to seize her now, untouch'd she glides,
And following Fate with doubling Turns avoids.
The God and Maid so in the Chace appear;
He borrows Speed from Hope, and She from Fear:
At length the God prevails, and onward springs,
Close at her Back, for Love had lent him Wings;

Allows

Allows no Respite to the fainting Maid,
But, panting, fan'd her Hair that on her Shoulders
play'd.
She, spent with Toil, her Father's Help implores,
And anxious looks upon his distant Shores:
Assist, if Deities in Streams reside,
She pray'd, or thou, O Mother Earth! divide;
Or you, ye Pow'rs! to rescue me from Shame,
Destroy my Figure whence the Danger came.
Scarce said, her Limbs with Faintness now oppress,
The rising Bark invades her tender Breast,
To Leaves her graceful Length of Tresses grows,
And now her Arms extend to verdant Boughs:
Her Foot, of late so swift, now downward shoots,
For ever motionless in lazy Roots.

Nor cou'd this wondr'ous Change destructive
prove
To *Daphne*'s Beauty or *Apollo*'s Love.
Beneath the Bole, still warm with vital Heat,
He felt her Heart with trembling Motion beat:
Then in the Wood embrac'd the latent Maid;
The modest Wood from his Embraces fled:
Then *Phœbus*, since my Bride thou can'st not be,
Yet, Laurel! thou shalt be my fav'rite Tree:
My Hair, my Quiver, and my Harp adorn,
Thou shalt by valiant Conquerors be worn,
Who mount the Capitol in solemn State,
While joyful Songs upon their Triumphs wait.
Do thou protect, on either Side the Oak,
Augustus' Palace from the Thunder's Stroke:

And as my Head is crown'd with flowing Hair,
So shall thy Leaves perpetual Verdure wear.

He ends: The grateful Laurel this allows,
And for her Head her leavey Crown he bows.

Imitation of HORACE, Lib. II. Ode 10.

Rectius Vives Licini——

FONDLY, my Friend! does proud Ambition soar,
And Danger tempt with an unwearied Flight;
Fondly does Fear still keep the humble Shore,
Whom whistling Winds and beating Surges fright.

Whoever wisely keeps the golden Mean,
Nor he to smoaky Cottages retires,
Nor he in envied Palaces is seen;
Too low he sinks not, nor too high aspires.

But oh! whatever's great, whatever's high,
The loftiest Turret, and the stoutest Oak,
The Mountain Tops, which seem to touch the Sky,
Are most obnoxious to the Thunder's Stroak.

The Mind which Constancy for Fate prepares,
Which knows how ever ring Fortune loves to range,
In adverse Hopes, and in successful Fears,
For stormy Seasons oft to milder change.

Ills

Ills cannot ever last: *Apollo* so
Oft mixes with the Muses tuneful Choir;
Returning from the Chace, unbends his Bow,
And with swift Fingers strikes the golden Lyre.

In adverse Chance resolv'd and bold appear;
And so thou best may'st stem the Tide of Fate:
Lower thy Sail when there's no Danger near,
And prosp'rous Gales upon thy Voyage wait.

CLAUDIAN's *Old Man of* Verona.

Felix qui propriis ævum transegit in arvis.

HAPPY the Man, whom prudent Wishes bound,
Within the streight Inclosure of his Ground.
Who, ancient, leaning on his Staff's Support,
Reviews the grateful Scene of infant Sport:
Then, with his Mansion's Age computes his own,
And tells the Circles whirling Years have run.
The busy World he shuns, nor loves to roam;
Nor weary makes a foreign clime his Home.
Nor he the stormy Winds or Waves does fear;
Nor he that dreadful Sound of horrid War:
The noisy Courts are all to him unknown;
To him, who never saw the neighbouring Town.
No Change of Consuls troubles his Repose;
The Spring by Flow'rs, by Fruit he Autumn knows:

The Sun, whom his paternal Fences bound,
Rises and sets within his little Ground;
He does *Verona* and *Benacus* Lake,
For the *Red Sea* and distant *India* take.
Yet, firm in Age, a long Descent he sees,
And, chearful, visits his coæval Trees;
Others rough Seas, and foreign Countries see;
How few so long, so blest a Life as he!

Translation of HORACE, Lib. I. Ode 23.

YOUNG *Chloe* flies me, as a Fawn
That seeks her Mother o'er the Lawn:
Who trembles as she hears
The Wind that in the Branches plays,
The Lizards rustling in the Sprays;
And pants with thrilling Fears.

Not as the crafty Tigress prowls,
Not as the hungry Lion growls,
Do I thy Footsteps trace:
Thy tim'rous Soul then undeceive,
'Tis Time thy Mother now to leave;
A Lover gives the Chase.

Imitation of HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode 7.

Diffugere Nives ——

I.

THE Snows are gone: Again the Ground,
Again the Trees with chearful Green are crown'd,
Again their ancient Banks decreasing Rivers bound.
The Nymphs who haunt the lofty Woods,
Or bath themselves in murm'ring Floods,
In Dances with the Graces join:
Nor do the naked Graces fear,
To tempt the Rigour of the Air.
All Nature does in this great Truth combine,
Enjoy the present Hour, for that alone is thine.

II.

The circling Seasons of the Year
A fix'd Succession know.
The Winter does to Spring give Way,
Nor long delightful Spring can stay:
And fruitful Summer does decay:
Next, bounteous Autumn does his Wealth bestow,
Last, Winter crown'd with Snow,
Returns unwelcome and severe.
The waning Moons their lessen'd Horns restore:
But Man once disappears, and comes no more.

Say, could *Æneas*' Piety, or Pray'rs,
One Moment add to his determin'd Years?
Cou'd Strength preserve unconquer'd *Tullus*' Breath?
Cou'd wealthy *Ancus* bribe impartial Death?
Who now in dull Obscurity is laid,
Or mould'ring Ashes, or a wand'ring Shade.

III.

To-morrow you expect in vain,
And thence wou'd future Pleasures date:
Who knows, my Friend! if there remain
To-morrow in the Stores of Fate?
What on yourself you do bestow,
You from your greedy Heir will save:
This melancholy Truth too soon you'll know,
That not your Wit, nor noble Race,
Nor Piety, nor winning Grace,
Will e're retrieve you from the Grave.
Nor thee, *Hippolytus*! *Diana*'s Care
Cou'd e're restore to breath celestial Air:
And *Theseus*' Strength was try'd in vain
To break *Perithous*' adamantine Chain.

Imitation of HORACE, Lib. II. Ode 3.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem ———

I.

WHY thus dejected? can you hope a Cure
In mourning Ills which you endure?
Without Redress you grieve:
A melancholy Thought may sour
The Pleasures of the present Hour,
But never can the Past retrieve.
Who knows if more remain for Fate to give?
Unerring Death alike on all attends;
Alike our Hopes and Fears destroys;
Alike one silent Period ends
All our repining Griefs and our Insulting Joys.

II.

Not thy Expence, nor thy Physicians Skill
Can guard thee from the Stroak of Fate:
Thou yield'st to some imaginary Ill
Thy very Fears of Death create.
With the fantastick Spleen oppress'd,
With Vapour's wilder Indolence possess'd,
Thy stagnant Blood forgets to roll,
And Fate attacks thee from thy inward Soul.

Vain

Vain is Reſiſtance, let's retreat
To ſome remote, ſome rural Seat,
Where on the Graſs reclin'd we may
Make every Day an Holy-day:
Where all to our Delights combine,
With Friendſhip, Wit, and chearful Wine.

III.

Where the tall Poplar and aſpiring Pine
Their hoſpitable Branches twine:
Among their Roots a ſilver Current ſtrays,
Which wand'ring here and there, its Courſe delays,
And in *Meanders* forms its winding Ways.
Perfumes, and Wine, and Roſes bring!
The ſhort-liv'd Treaſures of the Spring!
While Wealth can give, or Youth can uſe,
While that can purchaſe, this excuſe,
Let's live the preſent Now!
'Tis all the fatal Siſters may allow.
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt purchaſe an immenſe Eſtate,
Tho' the clear Mirror of the rolling Tide
Reflect thy *Villa*'s riſing Pride,
And Foreſt ſhading either Side;
Yet muſt thou yield to Fate:
To theſe ſhall thy unthankful Heir ſucceed;
And waſte the heapy Treaſures of the Dead.

IV.

Nor ſhall it aid thee then to trace
Thy Anceſtors beyond the *Norman* Race:
Death, the great Leveller of all Degrees,
Does on Mankind without Diſtinction ſeize.

Un-

Undaunted Guards attend in vain
The mighty Tyrant to repel;
Nor does his Cruelty disdain
The lab'ring Hind and weary Swain,
Who in obscure Oblivion dwell.
When from the fated Urn the Lot is cast,
The Doom irrevocable past,
Still on the Brink the shiv'ring Ghosts wou'd stay:
Imperious Fate brooks no Delay;
The Steersman calls, away! away!

The Complaint of DAMON.

From Virgil.

Pastorum Musam———

SAD *Damon*'s and *Alphesibeus*' Muse,
At whose Complaint the Herds their Food refuse;
The spotted Pards their Song attentive hear,
And flowing Waves their wonted Course forbear:
I sing the mournful Swain, and his ill-fated Care.
The Shades of Night were scarce dispell'd by Day,
The Morning Dew still on the Herbage lay;
Against a slender Olive *Damon* lean'd,
And thus of *Nisa*'s Perjuries complain'd:
Rise, *Lucifer*, bring on the rosy Morn;
And hear my last Complaints for *Nisa*'s scorn:

Gods!

Gods! I invoke you with my latest breath,
Tho' vain my Pray'rs, tho' unreveng'd my Death.
Begin, my Muse! begin with me to suite
Mænalian Numbers to the breathing Flute.
Fair *Mænalus* has Pines and vocal Groves,
Where Eccho still repeats the Shepherds Loves;
There *Pan* himself, to sooth his love-sick Mind,
The idle Reeds in gradual Order join'd.
Begin——

Mopsus weds *Nisa*: What shall Lovers fear
When this unequal Match forbids Despair?
Now Gryphons join with Mares; and Time shall bring
The Hound and Doe together to the Spring.
Blest *Mopsus* haste! the nuptial Torch prepare,
And to thy Home conduct the willing Fair.
Thy Nuts among the sportive Children throw;
Hesper for thee descends from *Oeta*'s Brow,
Begin——

O worthy Choice! For this with nice Disdain
Didst thou refuse the Love of ev'ry Swain?
For this didst thou my Pipe and Lambkins scorn,
My shaggy Eye-brows, and my Beard unshorn?
Think'st thou the Gods neglect a Lover's Pray'r?
Or wretched Mortals plan'd beneath their Care?
Begin——

Your early Charms in youthful Bloom I found,
You came to gather Apples in our Ground;

And

And still your Choice I to the fairest led,
Humid with pearly Dew, and streak'd with glowing Red.
I then the thirteenth Summer did attain,
Scarce cou'd my Arms the lowest Branches gain;
Lost in my fatal Errors ah! how soon
I saw and perish'd, lov'd and was undone!
Begin——

I know thee, Love! I know thy savage Race,
Nurs'd in the *Lybian* Wastes, or Wilds of *Thrace*;
No Marks of Tenderness in thee we find,
Which might pronounce thee sprung of human-kind,
Begin——

The Rage of slighted Love thy Hands embru'd,
Inhuman Mother! in thy Infant's Blood;
Which was more cruel? Cruel Mother thou!
More cruel Love, who taught to strike the Blow?
Begin——

The Wolf from the pursuing Lamb shall haste;
And stubborn Oaks with golden Fruit be grac'd:
The yellow Daffadil on Alders grow,
From humble Brakes transparent Amber flow.
Owls vye with Swans; and let the rudest Swain
His jarring Notes compare to *Orpheus* Strain:
Commanding Savages, like him, in Woods,
Or, like *Arion*, Dolphins on the Floods.
Begin——

Or let th'incroaching Sea the Land invade:
Adieu, ye Woods! and flourish green your Shade!
A Rock there is, from whose impendent Steep,
Desp'rate I'll plunge into the foaming Deep:
Unfaithful Maid! this mournful Verse receive;
The last your dying Lover e'er shall give.
Forbear, my Muse! no longer shalt thou suit
Menalian Numbers to the breathing Flute.

On Mr. CONGREVE's *Plays and Poems.*

CONGREVE! the justest Glory of our Age!
The whole *Menander* of the *English* Stage!
Thy comic Muse, in each complete Design,
Does manly Sense and sprightly Wit combine.
And sure the Theatre was meant a School,
To lash the Vicious and expose the Fool:
The wilful Fool, whose Wit is always shown
To hit another's Fault and miss his own,
Laughs at himself when by thy Skill expreſt:
And always in his Neighbour finds the Jeſt.
A Fame from vulgar Characters to raiſe
Is ev'ry Poet's Labour, and his Praiſe:
They, fearful, coaſt; while you forſake the Shore,
And undiſcover'd Worlds of Wit explore,
Enrich the Scene with Characters unknown,
There plant your Colonies and fix your Throne.

Let

Let *Maskwell*'s Treacheries, and *Touchwood*'s Rage,
Let rugged *Ben*, and *Foresight*'s timorous Age,
And *Heartwell*'s fallen Passion grace the Stage:
Then let Half-Criticks veil their idle Spight,
For he knows best to rail who worst can write.
Let juster Satire now employ their Pen,
To tax the Vicious on the World's great Scene;
There the Reformer's Praise the Poet shares,
And boldly lashes whom the Zealot spares.

Ye *British* Fair! Cou'd your bright Eyes refuse
A pitying Tear to grace his Tragic Muse?
Can gen'rous *Osmyn* sigh beneath his Chain,
Or the distress'd *Almeria* weep in vain?
A kindly Pity ev'ry Breast must move,
For injur'd Virtue, or for suff'ring Love.
The Nymphs adorn *Pastora*'s sacred Tomb;
And mourn the lov'd *Amyntas*' short-liv'd Bloom:
The Learn'd admire the Poet, when he flies
To trace the *Theban* Swan amid the cloudless Skies;
When he translates, still faithful to the Sense,
He copies, and improves each Excellence.
Or when he teaches how the Rich and Great,
And all but deathless Wit must yield to Fate:
Or when he sings the Coursers rapid Speed;
Or Virtue's lostier Praise, and more immortal Deed.
Each various Grace conspires t'adorn his Song;
As *Horace* easy, and as *Pindar* strong:
Pindar, who long like Oracles ador'd
In rev'rend Darkness, now to Light restor'd
Shall stamp thy current Wit, and seal thy Fame's
Record.

An EPISTLE.

'TIS tasteless all I wish that I was hurl'd
By some kind Tempest to a calmer World,
To those blest Isles, in ancient Song renown'd,
Where with eternal Spring the smiling Year is crown'd;
Where Nature's Bounty and the wealthy Soil,
Enrich the Rustics, and excuse their Toil;
Each grateful Fruit the loaded Trees produce;
The generous Wine bestows a nobler Juice.
No Misers there amass an useless Store,
Curs'd with the Knowledge of a fatal Ore;
All there are equal, all are there content,
And all are free, for all are innocent.
Such Man was made, and had continued still,
Wou'd he have liv'd in Ignorance of Ill.
But he too soon forsook that peaceful Life,
From wicked Knowledge sprung domestick Strife,
The Wife deceives the Man, the Man upbraids the Wife.
Hence endless Feuds and hateful Discords grow;
And still, like Streams, they widen as they flow.
Teach me, who from this odious World would run,
Where most are Wicked, or by such undone,
This Scene of Guilt and Wretchedness to shun.

Teach

Teach you? There's no Place free, there's no
Retreat
Where Innocence can hope to fix her Seat.
Shou'd you, like Hermits, in a narrow Cell,
Break your ſhort Slumbers by the midnight Bell,
By niggard Meaſure bound your ſcanted Food,
Drink the chill Waters of the keen Flood,
And for your chiefeſt Dainties ſearch the Wood:
Think you that reſtleſs Thoughts you can exclude?
That anxious Care will fly your Solitude?

Methinks you tell me this; and 'tis too true:
For who can fly when following Cares purſue?
Our ſpeedy Diſcontents outſtrip the Mind;
What Fugitive can leave himſelf behind?
But I repeat what you much better know;
What the old Sabine taught ſo long ago.
His chearful Page conſumes the Winter's Day,
And waſtes the nightly Taper's paler Ray:
By his inſtructive Lines my Spleen is eas'd,
And I grow wiſer as I grow more pleas'd.
For he alone thoſe Depths of Wit could reach
Which form the Poet to delight and teach.

Eccl

Ecce Homo. An ODE.

I.

SEE! how the ſanguine Streams run down,
And bath his heav'nly Face with Gore:
Thoſe ſacred Streams, whoſe inexhauſted Store
A World of Sin muſt drown.
With Thorns his wounded Temples crown'd,
With dropping Blood are hung around:
Thoſe Drops which our loſt Whiteneſs muſt reſtore.
See how, the regal Purple glows;
Vain Inſult of tyrannic Pride!
See how, with nobler Purple dy'd,
His furrow'd Sides the livid Stripes diſcloſe.
Thoſe livid Stripes, with virtuous Smart,
A Cure to our Diſeaſe impart.
See! in his Hand, whoſe Fate of-old
The dying patriarch to his Sons foretold,
For *Juda*'s Sceptre, for the awful Rod
Of high Command, an uſeleſs Bulruſh nod.

II.

In vain the *Romans* threat, the *Jews* deride:
Nor know their King in his diminiſh'd State:
How diſtant from our Hopes, they cry'd,
Is this Deliv'rer, long reſerv'd by Fate?

Behold the Man! O! yet behold!
And gaze till Tears have made you blind,
Thoſe Sorrows never to be told,
That ſilent Grief, that Air reſign'd:
How he appeals, with up-caſt Eyes,
To his great Father, and his native Skies.
In ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Line,
The Characters unalter'd ſhine
Of Goodneſs and of Love divine.
'Twas only Love Divine that cou'd ſuſtain
This cruel agonizing Pain:
Th' eternal Word in human Flesh array'd,
The Maker thus redeem'd whom he had made:
And for loſt Man th' ineſtimable Ranſom pay'd.

III.

Wretch! can'ſt thou think on this, and yet not feel
The thorny Wreath, the biting Steel,
Which pierc'd his Hands and Feet, and gor'd his tender Side!
For thee he bled, for thee he dy'd:
All this for ruin'd Man he bore,
And open'd heav'nly Mercy's boundleſs Store.
Can'ſt thou, by him redeem'd, deny
For him to bleed, for him to dy?
O thou who ſingly can'ſt for all ſuffice!
Our reconciling Prieſt! our ſpotleſs Sacrifice!
Thou, the great Father's co-eternal Son!
Whoſe ever-during Being with no Time begun.

Pre-

Propitious God! thy gracious Aid impart
To crucify this sinful Heart,
Transfix'd, like thine, with sympathizing Smart.
Forbid it, Lord! that I untouch'd should be
With Suff'rings from myself transferr'd on Thee.

IV.

And what, alas! can I bestow?
My Eyes! bid all your Fountains flow!
Too mean, alas! the watry Show'r!
My Veins! your purple Torrents pour;
Unequal all to what I owe!
No! tho' in gushing Tears dissolve my Brain,
And Life, exhausted, ebb at every Vein,
Nor cou'd the gushing Tears prevail,
That Inundation of my Eye!
Nor what my bleeding Veins supply,
To wash away the guilty Dye:
The Ocean there itself wou'd fail.
Tho' mine is all the Guilt and thine the Pain,
Thy sacred Blood alone can purify the Stain.

To a young Lady.

AS *Persians* on the gleamy Skies
Gaze, and adore the Sun's Uprise;
So we on young *Panthea*'s Eyes,

A blooming Beauty's Morning Ray
Did ne'er presage a fairer Day
As bright as *June*, as fresh as *May*.
But as parch'd Eastern Shepherds run,
Beneath refreshing Shades to shun
The Fervors of the Mid-day Sun:
Our Youth shou'd fly the fatal Sight:
Those Eyes, intolerably bright,
Dart scorching Fires, and dazzling Light.

To my Brother at St. John's *College in* Cambridge.

BLEST be the Man, who first the Method found
In Absence to discourse, and paint a Sound!
This Praise old *Greece* to *Tyrian Cadmus* gives;
And still the Author by th' Invention lives:
Still may he live, and justly famous be,
Whose Art assists me to converse with thee!
All Day I pensive sit, but not alone;
And have the best Companions when I've none:
I read great *Tully*'s Page, and wond'ring find
The heav'nly Doctrine of th' immortal Mind;
An Axiom first by Parent Nature taught,
An inborn Truth, which proves itself by Thought.
But when the Sun declines the Task I change,
And round the Walls and antick Turrets range;
From hence a vary'd Scene delights the Eyes,
See! here *Augusta*'s massive Temples rise,
There Meads extend, and Hills support the Skies;

See! there the Ships, an anchor'd Foreſt ride,
And either *India*'s Wealth enrich the Tide.

Thrice happy you, in Learning's other Seat!
No noiſy Guards diſturb your bleſt Retreat:
Where, to your Cell retir'd, you know to chooſe
The wiſeſt Author, or the ſweeteſt Muſe.
Let uſeful Toil employ the buſy Light,
And ſteal a reſtleſs Portion from the Night;
With Thirſt of Knowledge wake before the Day,
Prevent the Sun, and chide his tardy Ray:
When chearful Larks their early Anthem ſing,
And op'ning Winds refreſhing Odours bring;
When from the Hills you ſee the Morning riſe,
As freſh as *Lanſdown*'s Cheeks, and bright as *Windham*'s Eyes.

But when you leave your Books, as all muſt find
Some Eaſe requir'd t'indulge the lab'ring Mind;
With ſuch Companions mix, ſuch Friendſhips make,
As not to chooſe what you muſt ſoon forſake:
Mark well thy Choice; let Modeſty, and Truth,
And conſtant Induſtry adorn the Youth.
In Books good Subjects for Diſcourſe are found;
Such be thy Talk when friendly Tea goes round:
Mirth more than Wine the drooping Spirits chears,
Revives our Hopes, and diſſipates our Fears:
From *Circe*'s Cup, immeaſur'd Wine, refrain,
Start backward, and reject th' untaſted Bane.

Perhaps to neighb'ring Shades you now repair,
To look abroad and taſte the ſcented Air:

Survey

Survey the useful Labours of the Swain,
The tedded Grass, and Sheaves of ripen'd Grain;
The loaded Trees with blushing Apples grac'd,
Or hardy Pears, which scorn the wintry Blast.
Or see the sturdy Hinds from Harvest come,
To waste the festing Suns in rural Mirth at Home.
Now on the Banks of silver *Cam* you stray;
While thro' the twisted Boughs the Sun-Beams play,
And the clear Stream reflects the trembling Ray.

Think, when you tread the venerable Shade,
Here *Cowley* sung, and tuneful *Prior* play'd.
O! would the Muse thy youthful Breast inspire
With charming Raptures and Poetick Fire!
Then thou might'st sing, (who better claims thy Lays?)
A tributary Strain to *Oxford*'s Praise:
Thy humble Verse from him shall Fame derive,
And grac'd with *Harley*'s Name for ever live.
First sing the Man in constant Temper found,
Unmov'd when Fortune smil'd, undaunted when she frown'd.
A Mind above Rewards, serenely great,
And equal to the Province of the State:
Thence let thy Muse to private Life descend,
Nor in the Patriot's Labours lose the Friend.

Written in a Book of Novels.

METHINKS that reading these Romances
Is just like dancing Country Dances:
All in the same dull Measures move,
Adventures brave and constant Love;
Each Pair in formal Order tread
The Steps their Predecessors led.

To a Gentleman in Love.

SAY, in what gentle Sounds, what healing Strain,
The friendly Muse shall sooth the wounded Swain?
Thy self, the Muses Servant, best may know
To mourn in moving Verse the latent Woe:
Such Verse where Fear and humble Passion speak,
Where crowding Thoughts in soft Confusion break,
With falt'ring Eloquence the Fair might move,
Tho' cold as Northern Snows to mutual Love.
Tho' that perhaps thou hast in vain essay'd:
The Muse, at best, is but a faithless Aid;
So Princes by Auxiliars are betray'd.
Lonely thou wander'st where the sounding Stones
Of *Balliol*'s Walls return thy hollow Groans;

Or

Or where *Severus'* Work deſcribes the Bound
Of *Roman* Conqueſts on the *Britiſh* Ground.
The ruin'd Pile ſtood threatning o'er the Waſte;
Prodigious Monument of Greatneſs paſt!
Hither perhaps the penſive Lover goes,
To ſhun his chearful Friends, and ſpeak his Woes.
How art thou chang'd? Thou! who wert always known,
With modeſt Wit our temp'rate Mirth to crown.
What? Cannot Politicks and deep Debate
What menaces the Church, or ſhakes the State,
How great *Eugenius* clouds the waning Moon,
What *Spain* intends, or they who drink the *Rhone*,
From thy unquiet Breaſt theſe Cares remove?
This 'tis, unhappy Youth! to be in Love.

Or when thy jocund Friends the Board ſurround,
With rural Stores and native Liquors crown'd,
Such as the *Britiſh* Swains, induſtrious, drain,
From bluſhing Apples, or the bearded Grain;
The love-ſick Youth diſcovers his Surprize,
By faded Cheeks and unregarding Eyes:
By riſing Sighs which heave his ſtruggling Breaſt,
And wand'ring Speech with ſudden Pauſe ſuppreſt,
All ſmile; and ſome with friendly Anger chide,
Some pity thy Diſtreſs, but moſt deride:
While you ſit by, with careleſs Head reclin'd;
The only Fair employs your abſent Mind.
We by your Doctrines may perhaps improve
For we, alas! are Hereticks in Love:

We may with Vows of Constancy make bold;
But you *de Jure* love——to have and hold.

Amantem langor & silentium
Arguit, & latere
Petitus imo spiritus.

Hor. Epod.

To Mrs. ELIZABETH BLACKLER, *playing on the Harpsichord.*

ODE.

I.

WHILE our charm'd Eyes with Wonder gaze
On her, whose Beauty is her meanest Praise;
What sudden Harmony of Sound!
Descending Heav'n is all around!
Some unseen Pow'r! it can be only such,
No mortal Touch
Can with such Rapture strike the Mind:
Such heav'nly Awe with Pleasure join'd.
See! every Faculty with Transport fill'd;
The active Blood forgets its Course,
Flows back, and trembles at its Source;
And ev'ry heaving Pulse is still'd.
See! ev'ry Sense in sweet Oblivion lye;
And Thought admits a Pause in Ecstasy.

II.

II.

See! how the trembling Strings her Hand obey:
'Tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe who deals around
The magick Properties of Sound;
The vary'd Paſſions own her pow'rful Sway.
Corroding Grief! and gloomy Care!
Black Melancholy! wild Deſpair!
Far from this chearful Scene be gone,
Back to your diſmal, hateful Cell:
There fix your arbitrary Throne,
Where Darkneſs and Confuſion dwell.
Before the Pow'r of Harmony
The vanquiſh'd *Dæmons* wing their Flight,
To ſpacious Realms of genuine Night:
There plunge their ſullen Heads and murm'ring lye.
While new-born Joys around impart
A quicker Pulſe to ev'ry Heart;
And bid the buſy Spirits flow,
Diffuſing Life and Gladneſs as they go:
When ſprightly Meaſures break the Trance,
And Motion now renews her interrupted Dance.

III.

What Praiſe is thine, harmonious Maid?
What Thanks for all thy Wonders ſhall be pay'd?
Yet what the Siſter-Art can give
Diſdain not, Fareſt! to receive:
The Siſter-Art can ſave from Death
The Pow'r of ſkilful Hands and tuneful Breath.

Forbear, ambitious Muſe! forbear;
Nor with rude Tranſport interrupt her Strain:
She ſtrikes the vocal Strings again,
And Praiſe itſelf becomes Detraction here.
See! the Muſicians of the Sky
Deſcending fill the ſhining Air;
And ſee! they hover o'er the Fair,
And hang, with ſilent Rapture on her Harmony.
Her Harmony, which well may ſhow
To all above, as well as all below,
That what was Art before is Inſpiration now.

On an unknown generous Perſon.

'TIS Virtue to the higheſt Pitch to raiſe,
At once to merit, and decline the Praiſe:
While conſcious inward Joy and deep Delight
Approve the Doer, and the Deed requite.
Tho' modeſt Worth its own Deſert may wrong,
Yet ev'n from Silence he demands a Tongue,
Who like diſpenſing Providence beſtows:
The Good confers, concealing the Diſpoſe:
So oft deſcending Pow'rs, in Miſts array'd,
Veil'd the bright Glory with impervious Shade.

Written by Lady JANE GREY, *when Prisoner in the* Tower, *with her Pin on her Chamber Wall.*

Non aliena putes hominiquæ obtingere possunt;
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi.

ENGLISH'D.

Let no Distress be foreign to your Mind
That may but possibly befall Mankind:
My Lot To-day, To-morrow you may find.

The PORTRAIT.

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita—— —— —— —— Hor.

ON what wou'd I my Wishes fix?
'Tis not upon a Coach and Six:
'Tis not your rich Brocades to wear;
'Tis not on Brilliants in my Ear.
'Tis not to hurry up and down
To *Tunbridge*, *Epsom*, *Kensington*;
Much less to rub my wakeful Eyes
At *Basset*, till the Sun shou'd rise:
Had I a Foe I meant to curse,
Nay, Rival, I'd not wish her worse.
For once, to tell you what's the Lot
I like, I've told you what 'tis not;

A lazy Life I firſt wou'd chooſe,
A lazy Life beſt ſuits the Muſe:
A few choice Books of ev'ry Sort;
But none that meddle with the Court.
Small Thoughts for Cloaths; 'tis all a Caſe:
They'll neither mend nor ſpoil my Face.
Money! Enough to ſerve my Ends:
An Hackney to go ſee my Friends;
That I may laugh if Pops paſs by,
And they not know my Livery.
Friends that in any Dreſs would come;
To whom I'd always be at home:
My Table ſtill ſhou'd cover'd be,
On this Side Books, on that Bohea;
While we ſip on, and ne'er debate
Matters of Scandal, or of State.
For *Horace* tells us, as you know,
'Tis ſweet to fool it *a propos.*

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco. Hor.

On a Lady of Quality, ſaying SPENSER *wrote broad* Scotch.

THEE, *Spenſer*, emulous of *Homer*'s Fame,
With jealous Pride the rival Nations claim:
Thy Reſidence *Ierne*'s wintry Iſle,
England thy Birth, and *Scotia* claims thy Stile.

BUCHA-

Buchanan's ad Neæram.

Illa mihi tutis, præsenti, dura Neæra,
Me, quoties absum, semper abesse dolet?
Non desiderio nostri, non marret amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore fruï.

IMITATED.

Tho' present I can only move
Relentless Hate, or rig'rous Scorn,
The Fair, insensible to Love,
Does kindly for my Absence mourn.
Does Pity come to my Relief?
Is Love triumphant o'er Disdain?
No! 'tis to her the Cause of Grief
That she no more enjoys my Pain.

PASTORAL.

In Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Blackler, 1717.

Mourn, Shepherds! mourn the fair *Eliza* dead,
And all that's sweet and lovely with her fled:
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains their Sighs restore,
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

For her the Heav'ns were fill'd with dire Presage,
Of battling Winds, and dreadful Thunder's Rage:
Descending Rills increas'd the troubled Floods,
And the Serene grew black with bellying Clouds;
From their riv'n Sides the wavy Lightning broke,
Blaz'd all around, nor spar'd the sacred Oak.
Impetuous Rains and rising Torrents spoil
The delug'd Fields, and mock the Reapers Toil:
The Hinds, with wild Affrights, run trembling home,
Thro' the redoubled Horrors of the Gloom.
How oft the tim'rous Nymphs with female Cries
Invok'd the Pow'rs? How oft with streaming Eyes?
But what had they for Innocence to fear,
Or think the frowning Heav'ns should menace her?
And now with unavailing Sighs they mourn,
And watch the lov'd *Eliza*'s sacred Urn:
Weeping they sit upon the faded Moss,
And tell the sad Presages of their Loss.
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains! their Sighs restore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Unpitying Fate! they cry, cou'd none be found
But her, so lovely, so belov'd, to wound?
In whom all Sweetnesses at once combin'd,
To grace her Person, and adorn her Mind?
Must we no more survey her heav'nly Face?
No more with mixt Delight and Wonder gaze?
Must we no more the setting Suns prolong,
Charm'd with her artful Notes and tuneful Song?

No

No more her beautous Form shall bless our Sight;
Clos'd are those Eyes, and sleep in endless Night:
Those Hands are motionless, that Voice is mute;
And Silence best does with our Sorrow suit.
Cease then, ye Nymphs! your loud Complaints, and show
The dumb majestic Pomp of speechless Woe!
Let stealing Sighs alone her Fate deplore:
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains! our Sighs re-
store;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

See! all around contagious Sorrow spreads:
The drooping Flow'rs decline upon their Beds:
See! how the Rose, with wasting Grief decay'd,
Drops all her tender Leaves, and hastes to fade;
See! how the Lilies shed their Virgin Bloom,
And only live to dress *Eliza*'s Tomb:
Yet those by Winter pinch'd, or charg'd with Rain,
Renew their Beings, and revive again:
Why then most Life, frail Nature's noblest Boast,
For once expiring be for ever lost?
For her, the Woods afford a trembling Sound;
For her, sad Eccho answers from the Ground:
For her, the Wind in hollow Accents roars;
For her, the Currents murmur on their Shores.
The Streams, the Banks, the Plains, our Sighs re-
store;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Sad *Philomel*, forgetful of her Wrong,
For lost *Eliza* tunes her mournful Song:

For

For her the Linnet and the ſighing Dove
With ſoft complaining fill the vocal Grove.
For chearful Notes, a plaintive Air they ſing;
And droop the Head, and hang the heavy Wing:
All wild they range amid the lonely Wood,
Thoughtleſs of Love; and careleſs of their Food.
Ye Groves! ye Bow'rs! ye Grots! their Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

See! how the Shepherds, ſtruck with deep Deſpair,
Stand ſtupid, and neglect their fleecy Care:
To her no more they now ſhall ſing and play,
But ſigh, and throw their broken Reeds away.
The pining Flocks attend their Maſter's Moan,
And with ſoft bleating anſwer Groan for Groan:
Penſive they ſtray, and ſcorn the full Repaſt;
Nor thirſty, deign the cryſtal Stream to taſte.
Ye Hills! ye Dales! ye Lawns! the Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Mourn, all ye healing Springs! where'er you glide:
Mourn, all ye Nymphs! who o'er theſe Springs preſide:
And ye, delightful Groves! which us'd to ſhade
The ſilver Fountain, wither now, and fade.
No more the Fair your flow'ry Side ſhall preſs;
No more the Fair ſhall haunt your ſweet Receſs:
No more amid the beauteous Train advance,
And, all excelling, lead the graceful Dance.

No

No longer here ſhall Joy and Pleaſure dwell,
But ſtreaming Tears the troubled Currents ſwell:
The Springs, the Meads, the Shades, our Sighs reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Let all the Sons of Muſic join, to ſhow
The mingled Pow'rs of Harmony and Woe:
Such as of old when *Thracian Orpheus* try'd
The Fates relented, and reſtor'd the Bride.
Begin! your Art may ſpeak your deep Deſpair;
But never, never can redeem the Fair.
Let harſh, diſcordant Strings a Senſe impart
Of ſharpeſt Grief, and thrill the wounded Heart:
In diſtant Sounds the dying Notes prolong;
And with ſad Pauſes interrupt the Song.
Ye Streams! ye Banks! ye Plains! the Sounds reſtore;
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

Ye hateful Tow'rs! where lov'd *Eliza* fell;
Who all your ſavage Cruelties can tell?
How oft have you conceal'd the horrid Scene
Of Death and Murther, in your guilty Den?
Did we to you, to you entruſt the Fair?
Thus do you guard, and thus reſtore your Care?
Relentleſs you your Charge will ever keep,
Where * rival Queens and beauteous *Dudley* ſleep.
There reſt alike the Guilty and the Juſt,
While only Virtue triumphs in the Duſt.

* *Mrs.* B. *was buried near* Henry VIIIth's *Wives, and, as it ſuppoſed near Lady* Jane Grey.

This

This Crime with late, repentant Grief atone;
Let living Sorrow touch the ſenſeleſs Stone:
Thou †, *Julian* Mole! our hollow Sighs reſtore.
And join to mourn *Eliza* now no more.

The Muſe alone this Privilege can claim,
Among the Stars to fix a deathleſs Name:
She rais'd of old to thoſe divine Abodes
Whom Arts or Virtues equal'd with the Gods.
She can afar deſcry, with piercing Eyes,
Eliza, gliding thro' the open Skies:
Point out the radiant Stream that gilds her Way;
And lambent Glories which around her play.
And you, to whom your bounteous Stars impart
The Love of ſacred Lays and *Phœbus'* Art!
With rev'rend Awe attend; and liſten well
To what the Prieſteſs of the Muſe ſhall tell.
When on that Day, moſt gladſom of the Year,
On which *Cæcilia* marks the Calendar,
With emulating Skill the Saint you grace,
Let lov'd *Eliza* hold the ſecond Place:
So ſhall her Fame Life's haſty Date prolong,
In ſpight of Death's fell Rage, and Time's injurious Wrong,
And ever flouriſh, ever live, in never-dying Song.

† *The white Tower.*

MARY

MARY, *Queen of* SCOTS, *Farewel to* BUXTON.

Buxtona, quæ calidis celebrabere nomine lymphis,
Forte mihi poſthac non adeunda, vale.

On the foregoing Lines.

BUXTON! whoſe healing Spring, ſalubrious Flood,
The royal Mother of the *Scottiſh* Blood,
Deign'd celebrate in Verſe, to be her Theme
Shall make thee rival *Aganippe*'s Stream.

My own EPITAPH.

Falſly this wounded Stone pretends to ſhow
The Inmate of the ſilent Cell below;
'Tis not that Being, rational, combin'd
Of finer Clay, and the celeſtial Mind,
But mould'ring Duſt to its firſt Bed reſign'd.
Thou ſacred, plaſtic Pow'r! whoſe Book contains
Our number'd Fibres, our minuteſt Veins?
Theſe Atoms, in ſucceſſive Changes toſt,
Thro' ev'ry Element diſpers'd and loſt,
Again from ev'ry Element ſhall come,
When thy dread Summons calls them from the Tomb;
Again the priſtine Structure ſhall complete,
And wait their Doom at thy deciſive Seat.

Then

Then grant theſe mortal Optics firmer Ray
May thee, the Source of Light immenſe ! ſurvey,
Complete thy choſen Bleſt, and this Deſire
Which holy Hope and ſtedfaſt Faith inſpire,
To join my Voice to thy immortal Choir.

PASTORAL. *On a rural Amour.*

TELL me, O ! tell me, why with cold Diſdain
You ſcorn the Paſſion of an artleſs Swain ?
Why now with haughty Charms and conſcious Pride,
You frown ſevere, and turn your Head aſide ?
Perhaps my Form and Courtſhip rude are thought ;
Love is not unſincere becauſe untaught.
Far from your Town, and diſtant from Reſort,
In Woods has been my Buſineſs and my Sport ;
Yet Love, if pleaſing Tales may be believ'd
From antient Bards to liſt'ning Youth deriv'd,
Has in the ſhady Foreſt's dark Retreat
Compos'd his Bow'r, and fix'd his rural Seat.
They ſay the Mother and the Queen of Love
Forſook the ſtarry Skies, and choſe to rove,
And trace a fav'rite Shepherd thro' the Grove.
And ſome good Gentry in our Town, 'tis ſaid,
Have met their Lovers in the neighb'ring Glade :
Not that I cloſe Intrigues to Light would bring,
But you perhaps have heard of ſuch a Thing :

By

By theſe Examples warn'd, fair Maid! remove
That Pride that is the Obſtacle of Love.
This Form, the Object you ſo much deſpiſe,
Our Country Maids beheld with other Eyes:
With envious Care and rival Art they ſtrove
Who firſt ſhould gain, and longeſt keep my Love.
I lov'd, or thought I lov'd; what Youth could
chooſe?
So fairly proffer'd, how could I refuſe?
But then no Pain, no anxious Care I knew;
That future Triumph was reſerv'd for you.
You may remember, I remember well,
And ſtill my Thoughts on that lov'd Image dwell,
'Twas when the Earth had welcom'd jolly *May*,
Beneath an Oak upon the Sands I lay,
And with my Hook deceiv'd the finny Prey.
Careleſs I lay, for then my only Care
Was o're the Lawns to courſe the timorous Hare;
Or to diſperſe the miſſive Deaths in Air,
With youthful Pride and vain Delight I knew,
How my ſtrong Arm could bend the ſtubborn Yew;
But when you came, I to my Grief confeſt
A ſurer Marksman that had pierc'd my Breaſt.
You came, and choſe that Oak for your Retreat,
Where I was ſhelter'd from the Noon-tyde Heat:
Your ſhining Hat was with a Ribbon ty'd,
And but adorn'd the Charms it ſeem'd to hide,
With modeſt Gaiety and decent Pride.
You ſate, and on my ſportive Labours ſmil'd:
While I the Fiſh, the Fiſher you beguil'd:
'Twas from that fatal Day the Source aroſe
Of all my Griefs, the Date of all my Woes;

I'l

I'll call it ſo, unleſs you ſhould relent,
And prove it bleſt and happy by th' Event
How oft, at your Approach, my faded Cheek
Betray'd the Paſſion which I durſt not ſpeak?
Aw'd by your Eyes, how oft the Accents hung
And dy'd imperfect on my falt'ring Tongue?
By Day, the woodland Solitudes I ſought,
To hide my Paſſion, and indulge my Thought:
By Night, upon the Ground my Limbs I ſpread,
And on the moſſy Roots repos'd my Head.
My alter'd Eyes roll'd wild with gloomy Care;
And Doubt increaſing ended in Deſpair:
My love-ſick Heart no longer cou'd maintain
Its vital Functions, or ſupport its Pain.
'Twas then you came, by kind Compaſſion mov'd,
With Looks which bid me hope to be belov'd.
Why are you chang'd? while I am ſtill the ſame,
While Life ſhall feed the inexauſted Flame:
While your dear Image in my tortur'd Breaſt,
Diſturbs my haunted Dreams and broken Reſt;
I madly from purſuing Love would run,
And bear about the Torments which I ſhun.
So ſtrive the feather'd Tribes in vain to fly
The Fowler's certain Arm and conſtant Eye:
While on extended Pennons they forſake
The ſhelt'ring Thicket, or the ſedgy Lake,
Dang'rous their Flight, nor leſs unſafe their Stay,
Fate, ſwifter-wing'd, o'ertakes their mounting Way.

ARIETTE.

Set by Mr. THOMAS ROSEINGRAVE.

HARK, *Lucinda!* to the wooing,
Murm'ring Turtles am'rous cooing,
Shelly Grotts their Loves rebound:
Streams along the Pebles trilling,
Hearts with trembling Pleaſure filling,
Sweetly anſwer to the Sound.

Twiſted Boughs above combining,
Loving Joy around them twining,
Guard thee with a mingled Shade:
Purple Vi'lets, bluſhing Roſes,
Od'rous Flow'rs in various Poſies,
Dreſs thy Boſom and thy Head.

See! their tender Beings flying!
Quickly fading, quickly dying!
Beauty ne'er was fram'd to laſt:
Let the Lover once adviſe thee,
To improve the Good that flies thee;
Soon, ah! ſoon the Seaſon's paſt.

Air with hollow Tempeſts ſwelling,
Gathering Clouds a Storm foretelling,

Shrowd in Night the fairest Day:
Springing Beauty, gayly blooming,
Sees not lowry Winter's coming,
To *December* change her *May*.

On LISETTA.

LISETTA, full of coquette Airs,
For fluttering Coxcombs lays her Snares:
But, view that glossy white and red,
That Birdlime is too coarsely spread.

On loving once and loving often.

ONCE loving is a gen'ral Fashion,
To Nature 'tis a Tribute paid:
But, loving often shews that Passion
Despises Reason's feeble Aid.

Against CHANCE *and* FATE.

'TIS not wild *Chance*, or arbitrary *Fate*,
Fond Man! that guides thy fluctuating State:
Poor Reason yields in vain her feeble Aid,
Alike by each fantastick Scheme betray'd.

Cou'd

Cou'd wand'ring Atoms, in their caſual Fall,
Compoſe the Fabric of this wond'rous Ball:
Are Modes of Matter capable of Thought,
With Act reflex, and clear Ideas fraught?
Then well may *Chance* in endleſs Mazes run,
And rule the Syſtem which it firſt begun.
But ſee! the Earth with uſeful Plenty bleſs'd,
The Plants of vegetable Life poſſeſs'd;
Obſerve by Beaſts, in ev'ry Species, ſhown
A dubious Reaſon which we bluſh to own;
Then thou, whoſe boaſted Power can all controul,
Conſult the native Dictates of thy Soul;
And if thou there diſcern the Maker's Hand,
Confeſs his Care, reſign to his Command,
Others, as vain, to human Acts apply
A fatal Series and Neceſſity:
And think that Choice, which we imagine free,
Was predetermin'd by ſevere Decree.
Why then muſt Man, of Liberty debarr'd,
Or ſuffer Puniſhment, or meet Reward?
Whence ſprings the Difference of Good and Ill,
Our Deed conſtrain'd, and over-rul'd our Will?
Muſt we the Guilt of fancy'd Freedom bear?
Why is our blinded Reaſon forc'd to err?
Does this conſiſt with Rules by Juſtice taught,
That Pow'r ſhou'd puniſh which compell'd the Fault?
Thus vainly in the jangling Schools engage
Fond *Epicurus* and the *Coan* Sage:
'Till Heav'n the interpoſing Curtain draws,
A Word created, and ſuperior Cauſe.

Now ſtand reveal'd; and in his Works is ſhown,
Who long was ſought in vain, a God unknown.
From whence this conſequential Syſtem flows,
The whole ſubſiſting by his ſole Diſpoſe:
That his eternal Wiſdom does diſpenſe
The various Bounties of his Providence.
To thee, O Man! a reas'ning Soul is giv'n,
Form'd to be happy, capable of Heav'n;
Thy Act is free, and unconſtrain'd thy Will,
In Good inſtructed, and forewarn'd of Ill:
And hence that Puniſhment, deſerv'd and due,
To thoſe who know the Good, the Worſt purſue.
Perplex'd and weary'd in the tedious Chace,
Reaſon thus far a Providence may trace:
Here ſhe muſt reſt; nor can her dazzled Sight
Pierce the bright Regions of eternal Light.
How does it mock her Labour to explain
How we from *Adam*'s Crime derive a Stain?
How can her Force a proper Victim ſhow
Our Guilt to expiate, and avert our Woe?
How in one Perſon, tho' not mix'd, are join'd
The human Nature and eternal Mind?
How he who was e're Time in Time had Birth,
Uncircumſcrib'd by Heav'n inhabits Earth?
Whoſe ſacred Blood, by impious Fury ſpilt,
Man's greateſt Crime, atones Man's greateſt Guilt.
Canſt thou, who haſt with Subtilty defin'd
The cloſeſt Operations of the Mind,
Canſt thou, I ſay, with like Diſcernment trace
Th' effective Influence of celeſtial Grace?
Can'ſt thou diſtinguiſh, with acuteſt Skill,
How the bleſs'd Spirit leads thy proper Will?

Then,

Then, feeble Reason! thy Pursuit must cease:
Implore the God of Knowledge, Truth and Peace,
To teach that Rebel Folly we call Wit,
That 'tis her noblest Conquest to submit.
Vain Man, whom Pride and Obstinacy sway,
Persists disputing when he should obey;
To Terms of Honour giv'n he scorns to yield;
And strives, tho' vanquish'd, to maintain the Field.
Here end thy Search; and fix thy lasting Trust
On the most wise, most pow'rful, and most just.

In Memory of the Countess of Winchelsea.

——— *Effugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos.* Ovid.

SAD *Cypress* and the Muses Tree
Shall shade *Ardelia*'s sacred Urn:
These with her Fame and Fate agree,
And ever live, and ever mourn.

While ev'ry Muse with vocal Breath
In moving Strains recites her Praise:
And there assumes the *Cypress* Wreath,
And on her Tomb resigns the Bays.

What Pow'r shall aid the Virgin Choir
To make her Worth and Virtue known?
Who shall the Sculptor's Art inspire
To write them on the lasting Stone?

The honour'd Streams of antient Blood,
And Titles, are by Fortune giv'n:
But to be virtuous, wiſe, and good,
Derives a kindred Claim from Heav'n.

Virtue, and Wit in Courts admir'd,
The ſhining Pattern ſhall diffuſe:
Nor, tho' to private Life retir'd,
Are loſt, but flouriſh with her Muſe.

Of thoſe the *Siſter-Nine* ſhall ſing,
Yet with their Voice their Verſe ſhall paſs:
And Time ſhall ſure Deſtruction bring
To wounded Stone, or molten Braſs.

Tho' Titles grace the ſtately Tomb,
Vain Monument of mortal Pride!
The Ruins of the mould'ring Dome
Its undiſtinguiſh'd Heap ſhall hide.

Wit, which outlaſts the firmeſt Stone,
Shall, *Phœnix*-like, its life prolong:
No Verſe can ſpeak her but her own,
The Spleen muſt be her fun'ral Song.

To a Lady lending me Heliodorus *juſt before her Marriage.*

SEE! Love, by ſcornful Nymphs eſteem'd a Fault,
Here by a venerable Prelate taught:
The good old Man, with rigid Zeal at Strife,
Devoutly preaches up a marry'd Life.
At this th' aſſembled Synod loud exclaims,
And dooms the am'rous Fiction to the Flames:
But he, ſuch wond'rous Prevalence obtains
The fondling Offspring of an Author's Brains!
With mild Compoſure, and ſerene of Mind,
To ſave his Book, his Biſhoprick reſign'd.
He thought, perhaps, his Sermons might not bear
The nice Attention of a Lady's Ear,
Theſe Lectures, he preſum'd, might ſtand the Teſt,
Which all the World applies to Practice beſt.

Paraphraſe on AGUR's *Wiſh.*

——— *Give me neither Poverty nor Riches.*

O THOU whoſe Dictates rule this penſile Ball!
Who didſt Privation into Being call!
With bounteous Grace thy Servant's Pray'r allow;
Attend, propitious, to my humble Vow:

Some Comfort give, that in the bounded Space
Of human Life may chear it's fleeting Race.
Permit, great God! my happy Mean to lye
Far from indecent Want and Penury:
Reſtrain my open Hands and ready Tongue,
From impious Murmurs and injurious Wrong.
Keep me remote from Riches, and their Train
Of empty Pleaſures, inſolent and vain:
Leſt my full Soul, amid her flowing Store,
Forget at once her Maker and the Poor.
Or leſt the Fire of Youth, when I rejoice
In Wealth and Grandeur, ſilence Virtue's Voice;
Impoſe on Reaſon by a poor Pretence,
Make Vice for Wit, and Atheiſm paſs for Senſe.
Unthinking whence that Wit and Reaſon flow'd,
Can Man reflect, and then forget his God?
As thy wiſe Bounty has diſpos'd my Fate,
Above the Vulgar, and below the Great,
To future Years proportion'd Bleſſings grant,
Remov'd alike from Luxury and Want:
That peaceful Wiſhes, and Deſires ſuppreſs'd
By thy eternal Laws, may rule my Breaſt.
So ſhall the Series of my future Days
Attend thy Service, and proclaims thy Praiſe.

AMEN.

From BOETHIUS,

Qui ſe volet eſſe potentem,
Animos domet ille feroces, &c.

THE Man who does to Height of Pow'r aſpire
Muſt curb ungovern'd Rage and wild Deſire:
Nor yield his Neck, by ſhameful Paſſion broke,
In tame Submiſſion to her ſervile Yoke.
Tho' tawny *Indians* dread thy Canvaſs furl'd,
Where glowing Ocean bounds their *Eaſtern* World;
Tho' thy Command to *Thule*'s utmoſt Coaſt
Extend, and Regions of eternal Froſt,
Yet what ſhall all avail thee, while within
Oppreſs'd with gloomy Cares and black Chagrin!
'Tis vain, alas! thro' foreign Climes to roam
In Search of Empire, when 'tis loſt at home.

Paraphraſe on the Nicene Creed.

IN thee, great God! my Soul ſecurely reſts;
This Faith my Heart receives, my Mouth atteſts.

In thee! bleſs'd Father! the ſuperior Cauſe
Whence ev'n Exiſtence its Exiſtence draws;

Of all that in the Sphere of Matter rolls,
Of Minds celeſtial, and unbody'd Souls.

In thee! by Nature Two, in Perſon One,
Anointed Saviour! his coæval Son:
Unmade, begot from that eternal Source;
E're Time or Matter roll'd their deſtin'd Courſe;
As Light by Light diffus'd expands its Flame,
The Ray diſtinct, the Subſtance ſtill the ſame.
Unmade, begot, the Verity that flow'd
From Verity primæval, God of God!
One in his great Exiſtence, at whoſe Call
Emerg'd the ſtarry Heav'ns and earthly Ball.
For us didſt thou deſcend, and deign below
To ſuffer, and relieve thy Creature's Woe.
Thou! whom, o'er-ſhaded by th' Almighty Pow'r
Of the bleſs'd Spirit, thy Virgin Mother bore
Inviolate: Our earthly Mold was thine;
The human Nature veiling the Divine.
Thou, doom'd by *Pilate* to a ſervile Death,
Didſt on the Croſs reſign thy weary Breath:
The peaceful Tomb, that univerſal Reſt
Of Nature's Toil, receiv'd its ſacred Gueſt;
Till the third deſtin'd Morning, which of old
In holy Song prophetic Seers foretold.
With her from ſilent Shades didſt Thou ariſe:
Again didſt Thou aſcend thy native Skies;
The great Aſſeſſor of thy Father's Throne,
Upon his nobler Hand, propitious Son!
Thou with refulgent Majeſty ſhall come,
When trembling Mortals wait their final Doom:

All

All who in Life shall meet the dreadful Hour:
All whom the vanquish'd Realms of Death restore
To thy Award: Thenceforth shalt Thou retain
The Sceptre of thy ever-during Reign.

In Thee! the Third of that eternal Trine:
The vital Spirit! *Paraclete* divine!
Who from the mighty Father and the Son
Proceed'st; with Both ador'd in Glory One.
By Thee inspir'd the antient Prophets taught
Diviner Truths, transcending human Thought.
One Church I own, by *Christ*'s first Legates built:
One sacred Font to purify from Guilt:
That Time I wait when Death shall Life restore;
That Life when Time and Death shall be no more.

On Mr. POPE's Homer.

THE *Samian* Sage, whose venerable Breast
Euphorbus' transmigrating Soul possest,
Cou'd he revive again, wou'd joy to see
That *Homer*'s Spirit is transfus'd to thee.

Par Nobile Fratrum.

TWO Youngſters, with the ſame Preciſeneſs taught,
When rip'ning Time to due Perfection brought,
Obſerve how well their Principles agree;
An *Atheiſt* This, and an *Enthuſiaſt* He.

The Triumvirate of Poets.

BRITAIN with *Greece* and *Rome* contended long
For lofty Genius and poetic Song:
Till this *Auguſtan* Age with Three was bleſt,
To fix the Prize, and finiſh the Conteſt.
In *Addiſon* immortal *Virgil* reigns;
So pure his Numbers, ſo refin'd his Strains:
Of Nature full, with more impetuous Heat,
In *Prior Horace* ſhines, ſublimely great.
Thy Country, *Homer!* we diſpute no more;
For *Pope* has fix'd it to his native Shore.

The Praiſe of Aſtronomy, *from the firſt Book of* OVID'S *Faſti.*

Felices animos quibus hæc cognoſcere primis,—

O HAPPY Souls who firſt aſpir'd to climb,
With glorious Cares, the heav'nly Seats ſublime!
Who rais'd aloft the Head, to leave behind
The Crimes and Pleaſures that debaſe Mankind.
Nor cou'd the *Cyprian* Dame, or flowing Bowls,
Enerve their gen'rous Breaſts, or dull their Souls:
Nor the laborious Duties of the Bar;
Nor more heroic Dangers of the War.
Nor them the Fumes of light Ambition warm'd,
Nor Glory them with painted Beauties charm'd;
Nor them ſollicited the mean Deſire,
That ſhining Droſs and Golden Duſt inſpire:
But to our Eyes the diſtant Stars they brought;
And boundleſs *Æther* circumſcrib'd in Thought.
'Tis not by *Oſſa* on *Olympus* thrown,
Tho' to the Stars aſpires the topmoſt Cone
Of *Pelion*, pil'd on both, the Skies we gain:
'Tis thus that Science can the Heav'ns obtain.

On a Death's Head.

Eſt illic Letbæus Amor, qui pectora ſanat,
Inque ſuas gelidam lampadas addit aquam.

Ovid.

ON this Reſemblance, where we find
A Portrait drawn for all Mankind,
Fond Lover! gaze a while, to ſee
What Beauty's Idol Charms ſhall be.
Where are the Balls that once cou'd dart
Quick Lightning thro' the wounded Heart?
The Skin, whoſe Teint cou'd once unite
The glowing Red and poliſh'd White?
The Lip in brighter Ruby dreſt?
The Cheek with dimpled Smiles impreſt?
The riſing Front, where Beauty ſate
Thron'd in her Reſidence of State;
Which, half-diſclos'd and half-conceal'd,
The Hair in flowing Ringlets veil'd;
'Tis vaniſh'd all! remains alone
This eyeleſs Scalp of naked Bone:
The vacant Orbits ſunk within:
The Jaw that offers at a Grin.
Is this the Object then that claims
The Tribute of our youthful Flames?
Muſt am'rous Hopes and fancy'd Bliſs,
Too dear Deluſions! end in this?

How high does Melancholy swell!
Which Sighs can more than Language tell:
Till Love can only grieve or fear;
Reflect a while, then drop a Tear
For all that's beautiful or dear.

From OWEN's *Epigrams.*

WERE now the Strife renew'd, so fam'd of Old,
When Beauty's Queen obtain'd the Orb of Gold,
In vain might *Venus*, or the warlike Maid,
Or practise Airs, or Eloquence to plead:
A modern Youth would judge with other Eyes,
And money'd *Juno* gain the splendid Prize.

On a POEM *of the Right Honourable Lady* M. W. M. *in Mr.* HAMMOND's *Miscellany.*

WHERE Storms the Sea, and Wars infest the Shore,
Where the bleak *Euxine* and *Propontis* roar,
The *British* Muse extends thy spreading Praise;
And there for *Pierpoint* plants immortal Bays.
That *Orpheus* once cou'd draw the savage Throng
And moving Forests to attend his Song,

That *Helen*'s Eyes contending Kings cou'd fire,
That *Phaon*'s Miſtreſs tun'd the *Doric* Lyre,
No more are Fables held: Since *Thrace* could ſee
The diff'rent Wonders all reviv'd in thee.

From VIRGIL.

O Felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,
Hoſtilem ad tumulum, Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis,
Juſſa mori, quæ non ſortitus pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

O happy ſhe alone of *Priam*'s Race!
Who, free from ſervile Bonds and dire Diſgrace,
Beneath the Walls of ruin'd *Ilium* bled,
A Victim to th' inexorable Dead:
Exempt from hateful Lots, nor doom'd to know
The lordly Bed of a victorious Foe.

The foregoing Lines applied.

How hard a Fate enthrals the wretched Maid
By Tyrant Kindred barter'd and betray'd!
Whoſe Beauty, Youth, and Innocence are ſold,
For ſhining Equipage, or Heaps of Gold;
Condemn'd to drag an odious Chain for Life;
A living Victim and a captive Wife!
More happy She, and leſs ſevere her Doom,
Who falls in all the Pride of early Bloom,
And Virgin Honours dreſs her peaceful Tomb!

Occaſioned by a Paſſage in Tully de Senectute, *relating to the Immortality of the Soul.* Si in hoc erro libenter erro, *&c.*

WHEN the foreboding Soul, with firm Preſage,
Contemns the narrow Bounds of human Age,
O'erleaps the Bars which Fate and Nature place,
To fix the Limits of a ſcanted Space,
And, upward on extended Wings ſublime
Shoots thro' the vaſt Abyſs of future Time,
Secure that Heav'n in virtuous Toil beſtows
A bliſsful State, interminate Repoſe.
If 'tis an Error, if the fleeting Breath
Reſolves to Air, and diſſipates in Death:
If ſubtile Matter and the vital Fire,
Corporeal Parts, to Elements retire;
While no reflective Pow'r, ſurvives to ſhow
That Virtue meets Reward, and Vice produces Woe.
Willful I err; and with Delight I find
The kind Deluſion fortify my Mind.
For, if deceiv'd of her expected Skies,
The Soul with her material Partner dies,
Reduc'd to Nothing, No-where doom'd to go,
In waſte, unpeopled Realms extend below;
Philoſophizing Ghoſts ſhall ne'er upbraid
The pleaſing Error to my wand'ring Shade,
From ſome new Syſtem of the human Frame:
From ſcatter'd *Atoms*, or extinguiſhed Flame.

But

But if wiſe Nature's Dictates can prevail,
And weighty Reaſon turn the doubtful Scale,
The ſure Decrees of heav'nly Juſtice wait
A permanent Award, and future State.

The Deſtruction of BABYLON.

From Iſaiah, CHAP. XIII.

WHERE the tall Rock exalts his ſteepy Head,
In ſign of diſmal Rout the Banner ſpread:
With ſhrill reſounding Cries, and waſted Hand,
Proclaim Deſtruction to the guilty Land;
Th' aſſembled Elders ſummon to the Gate,
In vain conſult to prop the ſinking State,
Lo! I have charg'd the deſtin'd Train to come,
Select, and arm'd by my eternal Doom:
To whom my dread Revenge directs my Choice,
The martial Chiefs, who in my Pow'r rejoice.
Hark! how the diſtant Hills their Shouts rebound!
The Voice of Nations ecchoes in the Sound:
Of congregated Nations from afar;
The Lord of Hoſts himſelf has rang'd the War.
Ev'n from remoteſt Regions of the Skies,
The ruddy Confines of the Sun's Upriſe,
Behold! with rapid March they pour amain;
The Lord himſelf conducts the vengeful Train:
He heav'nly Temper to their Arms ſupplies,
Till the devoted Land a Deſert lies.

With

With Shrieks of Horror pierce the wounded Air!
Exalt the Voice in Accents of Despair!
The Dawn appears, the fated Morn ascends:
And sweeping Ruin from above impends.
The nervous Vigour shall desert the Arm:
Unmanly Fears the beating Heart alarm.
Incertain Terrors, ever-anxious Woe,
Keen as the Pains which teeming Mothers know,
Shall ev'ry Breast distract: With wild Amaze
And stupid Grief shall each on other gaze;
As when thro' Dead of Night projects the streaming Blaze.
The Day appears, the Day with Vengeance great,
Sacred to Wrath divine, and charg'd with Fate:
The Day when Desolation shall demand
The guilty People and the guilty Land.
The Stars shall fade, and all yon figur'd Schemes
Of fancy'd Monster-Gods recal their Beams:
Involving Night shall shrowd the Lamp of Day,
When forth he issues thro' th' ethereal Way;
The Silver Moon shall veil her borrow'd Ray.
Dreadful I rise, that pale Mankind may know
Supernal Wrath, and Guilt the Source of Woe.
Then Pride shall fail; and Retribution just
Extend the haughty Tyrant in the Dust.
The scatter'd Few, what yet remain behind
Sav'd from the general Waste of human Kind,
Shall be more rare, more precious than the Store
Of Golden Talents, or the purer Ore
Of tawny *Ethiops*, on the farthest Shore.

The

The Heav'ns ſhall tremble thro' their liquid Space:
The ſolid Earth ſtart frighted from her Baſe,
Roll'd thro' the Void, when he, whoſe Edicts ſway
The heav'nly Hoſt, ſhall wake the dreadful Day.
As from the Dogs the Roe, with active Bound,
Springs thro' the Thicket, and evades the Wound;
As fares the Lamb, whom the forgetful Swain
Shuts from the Fold to wander o'er the Plain;
So flies the Fugitive, devoted Race;
Each ſeeks his rural Home, and peaceful native Place.
In vain! the Arrow ſpeeds on ſwifter Wings:
The deathful Sword a ſure Deſtruction brings.
Their Eyes ſhall ſee their tender Infants thrown,
Their Limbs all bat[illegible]d on the pointed Stone:
Their lofty Palaces the Victor's Prey;
Their captive Wives [illegible]raceful Force obey.
A Race inur'd to military Toil,
The hardy *Medians*, negligent of Spoil:
Chiefs who behold with undeſiring Eyes
The treaſur'd Silver and the golden Prize.
Their forceful Bow the warlike Youth confounds,
With rapid Deaths and undiſtinguiſhed Wounds:
Nor ſmiling Babes eſcape their ſavage Rage;
Nor knows their Eye to pity infant Age.
Thus, *Babylon!* thy wide-extended Pow'rs,
Thy peerleſs Majeſty, thy princely Tow'rs,
Unrival'd Empreſs of the *Eaſtern* World!
Shall ſink in Ruines: As when once were hurl'd,
The blaſting Lightnings and ſulphureous Rain,
To wrap the Cities, and o'erwhelm the Plain.
While rolling Time the mortal Race ſupplies,
While various Monarchies decline and riſe,

Unha-

Unhabited and waſte, on Heaps ſhall lye
Thy haughty Spires, which penetrate the Sky.
No *Arab* there ſhall fix the tented Shade;
Nor o'er the ruin'd Pile his Curtains ſpread:
No Shepherd there his lonely Watch ſhall keep;
Nor in the deſert Palace fold his Sheep.
The ſavage Kind alone ſhall revel there;
Portents of Earth and Prodigies of Air;
The Bird of Night ſhall clap her grizzly Wings,
And ſhaggy Satyrs dance in antic Rings.
In poliſh'd Domes amphibious Monſters yell,
That in the Sea-encircled Iſlands dwell;
O'er marble Courts ſhall ſcaly Dragons roll
Their ſpiry Volumes; and, portentous, howl.
Thus undelay'd on thy accurſed Abode
Impend the Terrors of a vengeful God.

HYPATIA.

DENY'D that Fame, and rob'd of that Repoſe
Which Learning merits, Innocence beſtows,
From that poetic Shade, th' *Elyſian* Field,
That Shade at leaſt to *Heathen* Virtue yield,
Hypatia comes: The dire, revolving Date
Of circling Years renews my cruel Fate.
Did I for this to *Plato*'s Chair ſucceed,
In Youth by envious Ignorance to bleed?
When neither Virtue, nor the ſofter Charm
Of female Grace, the Vulgar cou'd diſarm,

(To

(To Fury heighten'd by miſguided Zeal,)
To future Age I made my juſt Appeal.
But what deteſted Spell my Shade cou'd raiſe
To ſuffer *L——r*' Spleen, or *Toland*'s Praiſe?
Above thy Rage, above thy Flattery more,
The tort'ring Shells with leſs Regret I bore:
Alas! by thee 'tis Honour to be blam'd;
And to be prais'd by thee to be defam'd.

Severe! tho' conſcious Innocence ſuſtains
The Mind, and mean Apology diſdains:
That Conduct to ambiguous Guilt belongs,
Or Souls unequal to the Weight of Wrongs.
To ſuch her Fame, wou'd inbred Virtue owe,
Whom her exalted Flight ſurveys below,
Unſkill'd to judge, tho' forward to beſtow,
Yet to th' Unbyaſs'd, the diſtinguiſh'd Few,
Whoſe clearer Judgment makes a juſt Review,
She turns undaunted, and ſubmits her Cauſe:
Nor ſhrinks from Cenſure, nor demands Applauſe.
Such gen'rous Warmth true Modeſty inſpires,
Where ſervile Shame with Coward Dread retires:
Virtue and Vice miſtaken for the ſame;
Yet more diſtinct in Nature than in Name.

What cruel Laws depreſs the female Kind,
To humble Cares and ſervile Talks confin'd?
In gilded Toys their florid Bloom to ſpend,
And empty Glories that in Age muſt end:
For am'rous Youth to ſpread the artful Snares;
And by their Triumphs to enlarge their Cares.

For,

For, once engag'd in the domeſtic Chain,
Compare the Sorrows, and compute the Gain;
What Happineſs can Servitude afford?
A Will reſign'd to an imperious Lord,
Or Slave to Avarice, to Beauty blind,
Or ſour'd with Spleen, or ranging unconfin'd.
That haughty Man, unrival'd and alone,
May boaſt the World of Science all his own:
As barb'rous Tyrants, to ſecure their Sway,
Conclude that Ignorance will beſt obey.
Then boldly loud, and privileg'd to rail,
As Prejudice o'er Reaſon may prevail,
Unequal Nature is accus'd to fail.
The Theme, in keen Iambics ſmoothly writ,
Which was but Malice late, ſhall ſoon be Wit.

Nature in vain can Womankind inſpire
With brighter Particles of active Fire,
Which to their Frame a due Proportion hold,
Refin'd by dwelling in a purer Mold,
If uſeleſs Ruſt muſt fair Endowments hide;
Or Wit, diſdaining Eaſe, be miſapply'd.
'Tis then that Wit, which Reaſon ſhou'd refine,
And diſengage the Metal from the Mine,
Luxuriates, or degen'rates to Deſign.
Wit unemploy'd becomes a dang'rous Thing;
As Waters ſtagnate, and defile their Spring.
The cultivated Mind, a fertile Soil,
With rich Increaſe rewards the uſeful Toil:
But fallow left, an hateful Crop ſucceeds,
Of tangling Brambles, and pernicious Weeds;

'Tis

'Tis endleſs Labour then the Ground to clear,
And truſt the doubtful Earneſt of the Year.

Yet oft we hear, in Height of ſtupid Pride,
Some ſenſeleſs Ideot curſe a letter'd Bride.
Is this a Crime? for female Minds to ſhare
The early Influence of inſtructive Care:
To learn from treach'rous Paſſions to diveſt
The yielding Softneſs of a youthful Breaſt;
The Heart with ſolid Prudence to redeem
From fond, miſtaken Objects of Eſteem.
To ſee in Fortune, when ſhe ſmiles ſerene,
A dang'rous Syren with a fawning Mien:
But when ſhe frowns, to ſcorn her vain Alarms,
Secure in Virtue's adamantine Arms.
Or to diſtinguiſh, with a ſtricter View,
The near Reſemblance of the Falſe and True:
Of Vice and Virtue there the Bounds to fix,
Juſt where their fading Colours ſeem to mix.

Or yet is this a Crime? By Meaſures juſt,
In figur'd Space to circumſcribe the Duſt:
With Ecſtacy Proportion to compare,
Of ſtreight and crooked, circular and ſquare;
Abſtracted Truths in Numbers to explain,
Or in myſterious Secrecy retain.

Or yet is this a Crime? the Mind to raiſe,
To follow Nature in her winding Ways:
To interdicted Knowledge to aſpire,
And of the mighty Parent thus enquire.

How

How all that Reaſon points, or Senſe can ſee,
At firſt began, and yet perſiſts to be:
How, link'd in Peace, the Elements combine,
And each contributes to the great Deſign;
Tho' when the chymic Fires their Parts divide,
The Volatile aſcend, the Groſs ſubſide.
What in her Cells the central Earth contains;
How latent Metals ripen in their Veins:
How ruder Flints the ſparkling Gem incloſe;
And how amid the Rock the Ruby glows.
From whence the Earth imbibes the humid Stores,
Which weeping Marble ouzes at its Pores:
Why juſtly ſhe renews the annual Scene,
Now white with Snow, now gay with ſpringing Green.
Whence knows th' refluent Ocean to obey
Th' alternate Impulſe of the lunar Ray.
What diff'rent Principles do Life beſtow
Upon the Scale of Beings here below;
Whence ſome have only to exiſt and grow.
Of theſe, why ſome upon their native Bed
Lye proſtrate: ſome to Heav'n erect the Head;
Why ſome a leavy Shade alone produce;
Why others cluſt'ring Fruit and gen'rous Juice.
Why ſome the Air with ſpicy Odors fill;
Some thro' the wounded Bark their Balm diſtil:
Whence ſome have Pow'r to ſtay the fleeting Breath;
And ſome the fatal Shafts of inſtant Death.

Or why thoſe Beings which we Brutes miſcal,
So cloſely imitate the Rational.

How:

Howe'er that Fire that animates their Frame
May be defin'd, or whence ſoe'er it came;
Which now collected, and in Bodies fix'd,
With liquid Air hereafter may be mix'd:
Yet by external Acts they ſeem endu'd
With Hatred, Love, Reſentment, Gratitude;
Almoſt the *Samian* Sage Belief might gain,
That tranſmigrating Souls their Breaſts contain.

Or how the Race of Man perceives within,
That Principle whence theſe Demands begin:
How Nature does in him to Senſe unite
A more exalted Flame, and purer Light,
Empower'd to chooſe, reject, divide, combine,
With Rays reflected on the Paſt to ſhine,
And thence the diſtant Future to divine.
Whether, diſtinct, the Heav'n-born Mind controul
The headſtrong Animal, the lower Soul;
Or but a Part herſelf conduct the Whole.
Or of *Primæval* Light is ſhe a Ray,
Infus'd to guide the amicable Clay?
Or hold theſe Bodies the reluctant Mind
In Penalty of former Guilt confin'd?
Is ſhe again thro' other Forms to ſtray?
Or wait the Doom of one deciſive Day?

Yet, as ſhe may, her Forces ſhe explores,
And far above the Orb ſublunar ſoars,
She leaves the leſſ'ning Earth, and upward ſprings,
On purer *Æther* to expand her Wings;

A nobler Pitch her bold Enquiries fly,
Amid the Fields of her congenial Sky.
She ſees the Lights which we accuſe to ſtray,
In meaſur'd Dance purſue their certain Way:
And thouſand Stars, which ſcarce to us appear,
With vivid Rays illuminate the Sphere;
In deepen'd Spaces, and retiring Files,
Whoſe Diſtance hence the weary Eye beguiles.
She ſees where Comets trail their fiery Hair,
Terrific Luſtre! thro' the ſhining Air:
Nor Vapours they, whoſe Levity aſpires
At *Phœbus'* Car to catch *Promethean* Fires;
But real Stars, which unextinguiſh'd burn,
Thro' larger Periods of a juſt Return.

Whether that Spirit which o'er all preſides
Infus'd thro' all its equal Motions guides,
Or from the whole diſtinct, himſelf unſeen,
Conducts and regulates the vaſt Machine,
Let Heav'n decide; by Reaſon's finite View
To judge the Diff'rence, wou'd the Doubt renew:
Yet ſhe aſpires that Being to explore,
The Source of all, and wond'ring to adore.

Shall jealous Man to Woman then deny,
In theſe Debates her Faculties to try;
And ſpend the Moments which unheeded fly?
For this muſt our unhappy Sex engage
Relentleſs Malice, and *Barbarian* Rage?
While Tyrant Cuſtom Reaſon over-awes;
And partial Humour to the World gives Laws.

Yet

Yet theſe may conſcious Innocence defy,
Approv'd to Virtue, and ſecure to dye:
No Doubt remains, that Fame ſhall then be juſt,
When Spleen and Cenſure ſhall be laid in Duſt;
That future Ages ſhall reverſe their Doom,
Nor impious Envy violate the Tomb.
For Virtue then, with native Luſtre bright,
From Time and Death receives her ſtrongeſt Light:
So when nice Art with Nature ſeems at Strife,
To animate the Canvas into Life,
The juſt Obſcure the bolder Light confines,
And ſoft'ning Shadows ſwell the glowing Lines.

If in this little Piece the Doubts concerning the ſupreme Being be thought exceptionable, or any Paſſage in it inconſiſtent with the modern Philoſophy, it muſt be conſidered that I was to adapt my Notions to the Character of an Heathen *and a* Platoniſt, *who is ſuppoſed to deliver them: Indeed as to* Comets, *I have deviated a little to follow the late Improvements of Aſtronomy.*

Hymn to the PARACLETE.

At Whitſontide, 1723.

O THOU the Third in that eternal Trine!
In individuate Unity divine!
Tho' me my humble Fate denies to raiſe
The votive Temple, ſacred to thy Praiſe,

Where

Where Columns in extended Ranks retire,
And ſounding Arches eccho to the Choir,
Where in the ample Dome the central Eye
Beholds the imitated Round of Sky,
Where on the Roof the artful Colours glow,
Whoſe Height and Diſtance juſter Grace beſtow,
Where Order and Magnificence combine,
The poliſh'd Marble and the golden Mine,
Yet thine the Temple of my Breaſt ſhall be,
If purify'd and conſecrate by Thee:
Thither, ſerene, indulgent Gueſt! repair,
And fix thy bleſs'd Abode for ever there.

Whether the plaſtic Spirit Thou deſcend;
And o'er my Soul thy Dove-like Wings extend:
The warring Seeds of Nature to ſubdue;
And call thy fair Creation forth anew.
Whether the Advocate by Heav'n aſſign'd,
At once to comfort and convince the Mind;
The fiery-parted Tongues, th' impetuous Wind:
Tho' bellying Clouds the ſable Skies inveſt,
And pois'nous Vapours breath the direful Peſt,
Yet thoſe before th' impetuous Wind retire,
And theſe are purg'd by thy celeſtial Fire.
Thou the chief Boon propitious Heav'n beſtows!
To whom her Force recruited Nature owes!
Diſpel the Gloom of melancholy Fear,
That all within may ſhine ſerenely clear;
Nor ſuffer Guilt, a worſe Contagion, there.

Within my Heart if Thou deſcend to dwell,
To Thee the Shrine, and to my Soul the Cell,

If thither Thou deſcend, a decent Band,
Shall all thy Graces at thy Altar ſtand:
Here Faith to Heav'n ſhall lift her Eagle Eye,
And prompt Obedience wait attentive by;
Here Penitence ſhall drop a ſilent Tear,
And holy Hope the penſive Mourner chear.
Here Piety ſhall her Oblation bring,
Her Pray'r the Fragrance of an *Eaſtern* Spring:
In proſtrate Adoration here ſhall lye,
Upon the ſacred Floor, Humility.
Here awful Juſtice ſhall her Balance hold,
Where Innocence can turn the Scale with Gold:
Here heav'nly-minded Wiſdom from above,
Shall to the Serpent reconcile the Dove.
Here Charity her Offspring ſhall embrace,
And on her Boſom lull her tender Race:
Here rev'rend Truth, and Purity of Mind,
And calm Content to Providence reſign'd,
Here, arm'd with fiery Darts, ſhall Love divine,
A *Seraph* wing'd, reſide; and Peace ſhall twine
Her everlaſting Olives round thy Shrine.

My Soul, illumin'd with an heav'nly Beam,
Shou'd ſlake her Thirſt at thy diffuſive Stream:
Then Heav'nward ſhe ſhou'd wing her noble Flight,
And float upon the vaſt Abyſs of Light;
Or, from the Chains of Senſe and Matter free,
Mount on a fiery Car of Zeal to thee.
Yet this ſince frail Mortality denies,
To Thee ſhe brings her humble Sacrifice:

Con-

Content, if Thou her pious Hopes inſpire,
That when thy Choſen juſt complete thy Choir,
To Thee ſhe then may ſing, to Thee may touch
the Lyre.

Ex Job, CAPITE XXVI. v. 7.

De DEO.

ILLE equidem magno Boream prætendit inani:
Et nihilo impoſuit terræ libratile pondus.
Ille etiam denſis conſtringit nubibus undas:
Nec tanto undarum rumpuntur pondere nubes.
Diſpoſuitque adytis ſolium; penituſque remotum
Et nube, atque atro tenebrarum obvelat amictu.
Oceano fines circumdedit; uſque diei
Dum ceſſant radii, dum ceſſant ſydera noctis.
Illius ad monitum cœli intremuêre columnæ,
Attonitæ; virtute ſuâ qui dividit æquor,
Atque altè, prudens, infigit tela ſuperbis.
Mente ſuâ ſummas ornaverat ætheris arces:
Ille ſuâ dextrâ ſinuoſum flexerat * anguem.
Hæc operum pars eſt (tamen hæc quantilla) Jehovæ.
Ecquis, Io, novit queis viribus intonat ille?

* *Zodiacum.*

From Job, CHAP. XXVI. v. 7.

Of GOD.

HE o'er the ſpacious Void the *North* extends:
On nothing He the balanc'd Orb ſuſpends.
He binds the Waters in the thick'ning Clouds;
Nor burſt the Clouds beneath the weighty Floods.
He, in the deep Receſs, his Throne conceals;
And, all above, with gloomy Darkneſs veils.
The Main he limits with the ambient Shore,
Till Day and Night alternate roll no more.
The Poles of Heav'n, like Columns unremov'd,
With Horror tremble when by him reprov'd,
He, in his Strength, divides the vaſt Profound;
The Proud, in Wiſdom, deeply does He wound.
His Spirit Heav'n adorn'd; his Hand inroll'd
The bending * Serpent in a circling Fold.
Theſe of his Works are Part; a ſlender Store!
But who can know Him thund'ring in his Pow'r!

* The *Zodiac.*

Pſalmus XXIX.

VOS, debellatus quorum ſub legibus orbis,
Hoc agite; armatâ meditatus prælia fronte,
Dux gregis ad ſacram ſiſtatur numinis aram:
Illi mactandus, cœlorum excelſa tenenti,
Qui ſceptra, & rutilis inviſtum robur in armis,
Contulerat; tanto reddentur nomine grates:
Supplice corde Deo, precibuſque litate pudicis;
Caſtaque adorandum venerentur pectora Numen.
Ille coercuerat reboantia flumina ripis:
Ille & diffiſſis jaculatur nubibus ignes;
Et circumfuſo diſtrinxit littore pontum.
Vox ſonat ipſa Deum; quantâ virtute tonantem!
Vox ſonat ipſa Deum; pro majeſtate tonantem.
Vox ſonat ipſa Deum; flexere cacumina cedri:
Diruptaſque trabes, & fiſſo cortice cedros
Libanus, & Sylvas a vertice plorat ademptas.
Libanus ipſe ſalit vitulus ceu matre relictâ:
Et noſtræ cingens confinia Sirion oræ,
Rhinoceros veluti parvo petit obvia cornu.
Voce ſuâ ſparſos Dominus modo diſcutit ignes:
Voce quatit Sylvas; noſtræ contermina terræ,
Ecce trepidat ſaxoſa Cades. Damæque fugaces
Ventris onus ponunt; flammis dumeta relucent:
Templa ſonant, reboant lætum faſtigia carmen.
At Pater Oceano fruſtraque frementibus undis,
Aſidens tenet æterni moderamina ſceptri:

Bello & pace potens, qui claros Marte triumphos,
Qui pacis lætos populis largitur honores.

Pſalmus LXXIX.

O Deus, invaſunt populi tua regna profani:
Aſpice ſacrilegâ diruta templa manu.
Jamque æquata ſolo, et magnis ſpectanda ruinis,
Infelix Solyme, gloria noſtra, jacet.
Jamque piorum avido projecta cadavera roſtro
Vultur, jam rabido diripit ore lupus.
Perque vias Solymæ fuſus ruit undique ſanguis,
Ut tumet hybernis auctior amnis aquis.
Quique pio officio componat corpora lecto
Pallida funereo, nullus amicus adeſt:
Hoſtiles tulimus faſtus; riſuque jociſque
Inſultat noſtris obvia turba malis.
An Deus æternum ſævis? tibi numne perennes
Ignis inexſtincti ſubjicit ira faces?
Juſta licet, gentes potius petat illa profanas;
Scilicet ignaras immemoreſque tui:
Siqua tibi nunquam votis operata pudicis;
Siqua pias nunquam concipit ore preces.
Nempe Jacobæos patriâ ferus expulit hoſtis;
Barbarus abreptas et populatur opes.
Priſca tamen nunquam ſubeant tibi crimina mentem:
Sed fer maturo tempore mitis opem.
Te decet, alme Parens, rebus ſuccurrere lapſis:
Parta tibi noſtræ fama ſalutis erit.

Con-

Conſule jam miſeris: Nobis placabile ſemper
Numen, et auguſti nominis eſto memor.
Cur toties nobis populi objecere propinqui
Dicite ubi veſtor jam Deus ille latet?
O ſi cernere ſit nobis, mora ſegnis abeſto;
Cernere erit, quum tu conſpiciendus eris;
Innocuique aderis cultorum ſanguinis ultor,
Et ſcelerum pœnas barbara turba dabit.
Quæ captivorum laſſant ſuſpiria pectus
Et leni triſtes accipe mente preces:
Utque tui juris mors eſt et vita, lacerto
Eripe tu valido corpora danda neci.
Te quibus opprobiis vicinia læſit, et ipſis
In proprios reddas terque quaterque ſinus.
Nos tua turba tibi grati inſtauramus honores;
Nos tibi ceu proprium læta per arva pecus:
Sic tua venturi memorabunt facta nepotes;
Ne taceant laudes ſæcula ſera tuas.

Pſalmus CXXXVII.

QUâ celer Euphrates *Babylonia* rura pererrat,
Margine in irriguo dum nos conſedimus omnes,
Infelix Solymê! memori ſtant mente dolores
Te ſuper, inque genas lacrymæ volvuntur inanes;
Inque ſalicta lyræ, lento curvamine, pendent.
At domini illudunt curis; mœſtâque referri
Voce, jubent notum Solymæa per atria carmen,
O rector mundi! tu carminis hujus origo!

Barbaricâne ſacer cantabitur hymnus in ora?
O Patria! O Solyme! ſi ſaltem oblivia demant
Te, veneranda, mihi, fugiat ſua munera dextra:
Et lingua æternum tacito, precor, hæreat ore,
Excidere ex animo ſi tu, cariſſima, poſſis:
Siqua meum, ſine te, pertentant gaudia pectus.
O! tandem exaudi, pœnas crudelis Idume
Pendeat ex æquo: Solymes cum debita fatis
Atra dies aderat, ſcelus hæc hortata, jubebat
Tecta ſolo æquari, ſternique in pulvere turres.
At reſtas, *Babylon*, in quot ſervata dolores:
Jam prope conſequitur, felixque vocabitur ultor,
Qui tibi, pro Solymê, victricia jura rependet:
Quique tuam prolem ſaxis illidet acutis.

Ex Libro IV.

De Imitatione CHRISTI.

Cap. VIII.

CHRISTUS *ad* ANIMAM.

PORRECTIS quoniam lignum per triſte lacertis,
Supplicium nudo corpore ſponte tuli:
Nil fuit integrum, membris animâque litavi;
Æterno ceſſi victima grata Deo.

San-

Sanguine qui fuſo placavi numinis iram,
Me tibi qui dederam, te mihi jure negas?
Quid cumulata mihi ſtruis uſque altaria donis.
Divitibus, deſit ſi mihi dantis amor?
Intemerata fides, caſtæ concordia mentis,
Et pietas magni muneris inſtar erit.
Me ſine, vel fruſtra arridet tibi blanda voluptas:
Me ſine nec proſunt quas tibi quæris opes.
Scilicet an quicquam, quam ſis male grata, negavi?
Te corpus paſcit, ſanguinis unda lavat.
Ni ſecura mihi vitamque animamque reſignes,
Non tibi cœleſtis vincula nectet amor.
Aſt ego te miſeris jubeo valedicere nugis:
Obſequio cupias ſi placuiſſe tuo.
Te tandem, vacuo poſitis e pectore curis,
Trade mihi, monitis erudienda meis.

ALDRICIUS *de* PÆTO. *Memoriter.*

MANE ceu Pæti viret herba campis
Indicis, ſucciſa cadente Phœbo,
Aret, humanæ miſeranda vitæ
Præterit umbra.

Fiſtula quiſquis ſtudioſe Pæti
Hos bibis ſuccos ſapiens memento
Inſtar ut fumi exeat in vagantes
Spiritus auras.

Fiſtulam ſpectes, fragilemque lapſu
Fictilem argillam; monet ut caducum
Fæce terrenâ minimoque conflet
Pulvere corpus.

En! color certat nivibus; ſed intra
Multa fuligo Medium canalem
Polluit; tanquam maculas referret
Pectoris atri.

Ut tamen ſordes renovata flammis
Exuit nigras, animus vel olim,
Igne purgatis vitiis, nitebit
Ætheris hoſpes.

M. S.

JOHANNIS WOODWARD, *M.D.*

WOODWARDUS actis ille laboribus
Telluris imæ qua licuit ſinum
Scrutatus arcanum, parentis
Conditus hic gremio quieſcit.
Quamvis medentum nobilis artibus:
Verique ſacras pandere origines,
Doctus; ſuperjectis ut olim
Terra vetus latitârit undis.
Immerſa donec conditor optimus
Fluctus vagantes oceani ſimul

Rede-

Redegit in priſcas lacunas,
Et ſtabilem renovavit orbem.
Mirere conchas per juga Montium:
Effoſſa ſaxis et ſpolia æquoris,
Artuſque phocarum relictos;
Quæque tulit peregrina tellus.
Nec livor unquam, nec fuga temporis
Oblivioſi, ſolveret hoc opus:
Natura, ni tecum periret,
Æthereâ populante flammâ.

In parmam WOODWARDIANAM.

SEmicremata vides diſjectis mœnia ſaxis:
En! verſa in cineres maxima Roma jacet.
En! aurum appenſum; ſtat contra, injuſtaque ferri
Lancibus imponit pondera celta ferox.
Romanæ advolitant acies, mediuſque citatum
Impellit torvâ fronte Camillus equum.
Umbo ſemper erit nulli violabilis ævo:
Artifices celant tempora longa manus.
Sedibus ereptum ſacratis rite reponet
Fama tamen Domini poſteritaſque memor.

Ad Fratrem BRUGIS *agentem.*

O! mihi ſiquis, patrioque cœlo,
Te, licet ſero, incolumem redonet:
Te nec æternum Morinorum in agros
Fata relegent.

Quos procax nobis numeros, jocoſque
Muſa dictaret? mihi dum tibique
Temperent baccis Arabes, vel herbis
Pocula ſeres.

Ex proſâ Latinâ Epigrammatum delectu, in uſum ETONENSIUM.

TERRA parens rerum, poſt actos rite labores,
Agricolam gremio tu bona conde bonum.
Sæpe tibi duræ ſtirpem commiſit olivæ;
Populeas vinxit palmite ſæpe comas:
Utilis et pratis, cerealibus utilis agris;
Ducere vel rivos per ſata doctus aquæ.
Hic olus aſſurgit; vel preſſi pondere rami
Poma ferunt Domino ruſtica dona ſuo.
Quid tibi, ſancte ſenex, meritis pro talibus optem?
Quid tibi pro meritis grata rependat humus?

Tu

Tu ſaltem, Tellus, canis levis eſto coloni;
Et fac perpetuis floreat urna roſis.

ANNE BOLEYN *to King* HENRY VIII.

An EPISTLE.

AMID the Joys of this auſpicious Hour,
When Fame exalted and extended Pow'r,
With mingled Rays your Sov'reign Head adorn,
Permit unhappy *Anne* at leaſt to mourn;
Permit one Object to diſturb the Scene,
An injur'd Lover and a captive Queen.
That Hand which late the regal Sceptre bore,
And which, when join'd to yours, was honour'd more,
Scarce to its Taſk the trembling Pen conſtrains;
So much is Grief a greater Weight than Chains.

Irreſolute I ſit; alike 'tis vain
Or to ſuppreſs my Sorrows, or complain
Of Woes that Language never can contain.
What Nature moſt to Womankind endears,
Whate'er the firſt and juſteſt Value bears
By univerſal Voice, demands my Tears.
With Fear my Boſom beats, and ſinks with Shame,
When the Debate is Life, and Love, and Fame.
O! how can I proceed, ſo faſt ariſe
The crowding Images, and ſtream my Eyes!

Or

Or whence, my Liege! ſhall my Complaint begin
To move Compaſſion, or Belief to win?
When now the Series of a blameleſs Life
Is found too weak to vindicate your Wife.
To prove that Truth requir'd by your Command,
Let all my Actions be ſeverely ſcan'd:
To you my Virtue makes a bold Appeal;
Cou'd or your Greatneſs, or your Pow'r prevail?
Or cou'd your Perſon, grac'd above Compare
With manly Beauty, and an awful Air?
Or all the Charms that Learning cou'd impart
To native Eloquence, with ſoothing Art,
To charm the Frailty of a female Heart?
While rival Princeſſes aſpir'd in vain
To ſhare your Empire, or your Heart to gain,
While jealous *France* her utmoſt Efforts try'd
To buy your Friendſhip with a * royal Bride,
Cou'd any Arts my Innocence ſurprize?
For guarded Virtue ſees thro' other Eyes.

Let ev'n that jealous *France* my Deeds report;
A daring Challenge to a partial Court!
There paſs'd my early Years, and thence I claim
The Debt of Juſtice, to defend my Name.
Wou'd † two great Queens, by Virtue plac'd as high,
In ſpotleſs Fame, as beauteous in the Eye,

Among

* *A Royal Bride.*] *Margaret* Dutcheſs of *Alençon*, afterwards Queen of *Navarre*, Siſter to *Fran. I.* famous for her Wit and Patronage of Learning.

† *Two great Queens.*] *Mary*, Siſter to King *Henry*, firſt married

Among their honourable Maids retain
Suſpected *Boleyn*, touch'd with guilty Stain,
Dear to their Breaſt, and foremoſt of their Train?

Where Virtue fails, what Arguments can move?
Can tend'reſt Proofs of undiſſembled Love?
Such as in Virgin Hearts from Nature ſpring,
Diſtinguiſhing the Lover from the King.
From Pow'r abſtracted to yourſelf be juſt;
Reflect again, and ſcorn the mean Diſtruſt.
'Tis true that never durſt my baſhful Eye,
Much leſs my humble Thoughts have ſoar'd ſo high;
I well concluded what Event muſt wait
On Love divided by unequal Fate:
When Paſſion is the blind Effect of Chance,
The ſlight Impreſſion of a tranſient Glance;
When Prudence, Int'reſt, and the potent Voice
Of Fame conſpire, and all reprove the Choice.
Whate'er of fond, believing Maids I heard,
And Men inconſtant, for myſelf I fear'd:
Too well your Sex weak Woman knows to gain,
With fictious Vows, and a deluſive Strain;
'Till ev'n our Hearts your Artifices aid,
Or by Ambition, or by Love betray'd.
The Conqueſt won, away the Victor flies,
To ſeek Variety in other Eyes:
While the forſaken Fair beholds him part,
And pines with Anguiſh of a broken Heart.

ried to *Lewis* XII. of *France*, afterward to *Charles Brandon*, Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Conſort of *Francis* I.

Ev'n

Ev'n then, when flatt'ring Stars the Paſſion bleſs,
And *Hymenæals* crown the wiſh'd Succeſs,
Then ſtern Ambition points to other Views;
Or ſome ſucceeding Flame the paſt ſubdues,
And Man the Chace of Novelty purſues.
He looks abroad, and ſtruggles to be freed;
Diſguſts and Jealouſies, alas! ſucceed.
He wiſhes for the Hour that ſhall divide
The weary Huſband from the ſuff'ring Bride;
Or elſe prevents it, by ſome uſeful Flaw,
Some lucky Turn of miſconſtructed Law.

Too well I gueſs'd what muſt at laſt enſue:
Too ſoon theſe direful Omens ſtruck my View,
When firſt, my Liege! I heard of Love and You.
But then my unſuſpecting Soul aſſur'd
A nobler Mind my Happineſs ſecur'd:
That ſuch a Change in you no Place cou'd find;
Whom Nature had for Royalty deſign'd,
And pointed out the firſt of all Mankind.
To Crowns and Sceptres Fortune can advance;
But to deſerve them is no Work of Chance.
Rebels and Foes that Valour claims to awe,
That Wiſdom, Nations to receive its Law;
(I argued thus,) and * he who can perſuade
The Learn'd and Wiſe, may well an harmleſs Maid.

* *He who can perſuade the Learn'd and Wiſe.*] *Henry* VIII. was both a learned and accompliſhed Prince; and, as my Lord *Herbert* relates, one of the handſomeſt Men of his Time, when he married *Jane Seymour*.

Witneſs

Witneſs my Heart from all Ambition free,
No Hope of Greatneſs ever conquer'd me!
But by your Love encourag'd, I aſpir'd:
How eaſy 'twas to like what all admir'd!
This Truth I now without a Bluſh may own,
That Love determin'd me, and Love alone,
To tempt the ſlipp'ry Grandeur of a Throne.

Let theſe Reflections touch my *Henry*'s Mind;
Said I my *Henry*? I the King deſign'd:
Forgive the erring Pen that yet dares write
The paſt Endearments Love would ſtill indite.
Tho' from your Throne and Boſom forc'd to part,
I bear your Image in my faithful Heart:
Your Royalty with Eaſe I can reſign;
But never can forget you once were mine.
Witneſs, ye cruel Tow'rs! how oft I call
The Name of *Henry* from the ecchoing Wall:
Witneſs the Glaſs! which with a dimmer Ray
Thro' interpoſing Grates admits the Day;
Where oft the Diamond, of your former Flame
The earlieſt Earneſt, traces *Henry*'s Name.
No! till I ſink into the ſilent Tomb,
If ſuch your Will, and my impendent Doom,
Shall unexſtinguiſh'd burn the ſacred Fires,
Which Virtue warrants and which Love inſpires.

Why does my Mind ſo ſad a Fate preſage!
Preventing Nature, Maladies, and Age!
When youthful Blood with lively Spirit warms,
And roſeate Health diffuſes all her Charms,

When

When ev'ry Object ſmiling, freſh and gay,
Adorns the Proſpect, to be ſnatch'd away!
To grow a ſtupid Maſs of mould'ring Clay!
Whither? Ah! whither muſt we then remove?
Where muſt the diſcontented Spirit rove?
From Pow'r, from Pleaſure, all that here below
Enchants our Senſes, all Mankind muſt go:
But whither? that to point our Reaſon errs;
And only humble Faith relieves our Fears;
She promiſes that guiltleſs Souls ſhall know
What laſting Bliſs celeſtial Seats beſtow;
What blooming Sweets the injur'd Name embalm,
And how the Martyr gains the Victor-Palm.

By her ſupported, I reſign my Fear:
But wounded Honour! —— 'tis too much to bear!
Honour both Sexes have agreed the beſt,
The nobleſt Paſſion of a virtuous Breaſt:
To fighting Fields ſhe calls the Hero forth,
To prove his Valour, and atteſt his Worth;
By martial Toils the glorious Prize to buy,
With Honour conquer or with Honour dye.
In Womankind ſhe wears a diff'rent Dreſs,
Frailty to guard, and Paſſion to ſuppreſs:
She forms the Manners with exacteſt Care;
Of each ambiguous Action, bids, beware!
And regulates the Motions of the Mind,
By her conducted, and to her reſign'd.
'Tis all, alas! that Woman has to boaſt:
And all that Woman has in her is loſt.
By wretched *Anne* how can the Load be born
Of private Cenſure, and of public Scorn?

And

And harder yet to bear, when diſapprov'd
By you, a Lover once, and ſtill belov'd.
Think then what Sorrow I muſt undergo;
Here Senſe of Virtue but augments the Woe:
For her, my Cheeks the glowing Bluſhes dye;
For her, whole Oceans gather in my Eye.
In vain the Paſſion ſtrives in Words to break;
The Cauſe too odious and too great to ſpeak:
If in Diſgrace my tragic Scene muſt end,
And I diſhonour'd to the Shades deſcend.
O! had I periſh'd but obſcure, unknown!
Far from the envy'd Splendors of a Crown!
Then had at once expir'd my Breath and Name,
As ſafe from Slander as remote from Fame.

But now, alas! while each ſucceeding Age
Shall of your Annals turn the ſhining Page,
To learn how * warlike *Scotland* felt your Arms,
And *England* triumph'd free from all Alarms,
How potent *France* your valu'd Friendſhip ſought,
And how † beneath your Standards, *Cæſar* fought,
In § other Combats how from *Rome* you gain'd
The glorious Stile for ſacred Faith maintain'd;

* *How warlike* Scotland *felt your Arms*] The Defeat of *James* IV.

† *Beneath your Standards* Cæſar *fought*] The Emperor *Maximilian* I.

§ *In other Combats how from* Rome.] The Stile of Defender of the Faith, conferr'd on this King and his Succeſſors by the *Pope*, for writing againſt *Luther*.

There

There ſtill muſt I be read; while Times to come
Renew my Suff'rings, and repeat my Doom:
As wayward Humor governs ev'ry Breaſt,
Judg'd by the Bad, ev'n doubted by the Beſt.
Where ſhall my queſtion'd Innocence appeal,
When * partial Spleen aſſumes the Mask of Zeal?
Hard Fate! for ever that I muſt engage
The various Inſults of injurious Rage:
My own misjudging Sex, who, loth to blame
Their own Defects, imagine mine the ſame;
Or Men who triumph in a proſtrate Fame.
And ſcarce among the Herd of Readers find
One pitying Tear, to ſpeak a gen'rous Mind.

Unhappy Beauty! of our Woes the Spring!
Of all our Vanities the vaineſt Thing!
Fondly by our unthinking Sex deſir'd;
The more endanger'd as the more admir'd!
But for a certain Fall to Greatneſs rais'd!
But lov'd for Change, and but for Cenſure prais'd!
Here my Reflections ceaſe; and turn no more
On what my Soul had propheſy'd before.

How miſerable is the Priſ'ner's State
Who lingers in the ſlow Suſpenſe of Fate!
Is there a greater Ill? —— Yes! one remains;
The doubted Fame which foul Suſpicion ſtains.

* *Partial Spleen aſſumes the Maſk of Zeal.*] The *Popiſh* Clergy, whoſe bitter Malice to this Queen appears from the ſcurrilous and improbable Reflections of *Sanders* the Jeſuit: For 'tis not very likely that a Woman of a public bad Character, and withal ſo indifferent a Perſon as he repreſents her, could captivate a Prince who did not need to be at a Loſs for a Wife at that Time.

To

To obviate this, undaunted I demand
That at the Bar of Juſtice I may ſtand:
Nor there, O King! your helpleſs Wife expoſe
To the fell Rage of her relentleſs Foes;
But let the World decide, on what were built
The baſe Surmiſes of objected Guilt.
Or I abſolv'd ſhall vindicate from Stain
Your Royal Infant and your glorious Reign,
Or ſink in Ruin, nor my Fame ſurvive:
'Twould then be Cruelty to bid me live.
Nor ſhall I then, to your Delight a Bar,
Retard the Influence of * a fairer Star:
I could have pointed to the Name before,
But Love is timorous, and I forbore.
Yet † if Ambition urge, and publick Good
Beſt by the Monarch's Will be underſtood,
She too may fall, whoſe now too potent Eyes
Enthral your Heart, herſelf your Sacrifice.
Unhappy ſhe, whoe'er like me muſt prove
The dire Diſaſter of ſuperior Love!

One only Inſtance yet remains behind
To plead my Cauſe, and touch your royal Mind:

* *A fairer Star.*] *Jane Seymour.*

† *Yet if Ambition urge.*] I have not ſcrupled, by the prophetic Spirit which Poeſy allows to dying Perſons, to allude to the current Opinion, that King *Henry* ſacrificed this Queen likewiſe, tho' in a different Manner, to the Security of the Succeſſion: Tho' the beſt of our Hiſtorians contradict it, and clear King *Henry* in this particular.

When in * our common Pledge yourſelf you view,
Believe me loyal then, believe me true.
How can you doubt me, when in her deſign'd
You ſee the ſtrongeſt Features of your Mind?
So juſt, ſo maſterly deſcrib'd they ſtand,
That Nature's Work ſurpaſſes *Holbein*'s Hand.
O! may ſhe ſtill ſurvive!——I aſk no more!
Tho' Fancy augurs greater Things in Store,
To vindicate, tho' late, my injur'd Name;
And emulate, perhaps, her Father's Fame.

If in your Boſom to Concluſion draws
My Fate determin'd, and prejudg'd my Cauſe,
Yet think, on one impartial Day ſhall come
The Judge and Priſ'ner to receive their Doom:
'Tis certain that my Innocence ſhall clear,
However runs the Voice of Rumor here.
Yet no revengeful Wiſh my Breaſt ſhall ſtain,
Nor from the Seats of Bliſs my Soul detain:
Be all the Authors of my Wrongs forgiv'n,
And you abſov'd before the Throne of Heav'n!
Yet, if I ever to your Breaſt was dear,
Your dread Diſpleaſure let me ſingly bear:
'Tis but a poor Requeſt to fall alone,
For her whom Fortune tumbles from a Throne.

Ye † Angel Guardians! who the Throne defend,
And hov'ring Light in Air, unſeen attend;

* *Our common Pledge.*] Queen *Elizabeth*.

† *Ye Angel Guardians.*] *Anne Boleyn* ends her Letter with a Recommendation of the King to Heaven, too ſolemn to be introduced into this Sort of Poetry.

If

If heav'nly Minds can hear a Mortal's Pray'r,
From threat'ning Danger guard your ſacred Care:
From foreign Wars, and from ſeditious Strife,
From dark Conſpiracy preſerve his Life.
Nor ever, ever let the faithleſs Wiles
Of * perjur'd Beauty dreſt in gaudy Smiles,
The Conflict of the Royal Breaſt renew;
And by the falſe One juſtify the True.
If ever *Boleyn* to Remembrance brought
Too late ſhou'd Pity gain, ſuppreſs the Thought:
Ev'n Pity I renounce, if it muſt bring
But an uneaſy Moment to the King.

And whence, O ſad Reverſe of proſp'rous Fate!
Muſt theſe unhappy Lines receive their Date?
Not from fair *Greenwich*' ever-pleaſing Bow'rs;
Not from the painted Roof of † *Woolſey*'s Tow'rs:
But from the § *Gothic* Structures, whence on high
Far, far Beneath I caſt my diſtant Eye,
And ſee your ſubject River rolling by.
Alas! how diff'rent from the ſhining Court
Is this Abode? debarr'd of all Reſort?
A Band of Goalers, not a Guard of State,
With ſurly Aſpect here obſerves the Gate:

* *Perjur'd Beauty.*] A Preſage hinting at the Infidelities of *Catherine Howard.*

† Woolſey's *Towers.*] *Whitehall.*

§ Gothic *Structure.*] The Lieutenant's Houſe in the Tower.

Where

Where in its Fall the maſſive Barrier clangs,
And threat'ning Ruin the *Portcullis* hangs.

Think how I paſs the melancholy Hours,
Alone, immur'd in theſe relentleſs Tow'rs,
My languid Head upon my Hand declin'd,
Supported only by the conſcious Mind.
The Day in penſive Solitude I weep,
And all the Night an anxious Vigil keep;
Or if my weary Eyes, at length oppreſt
With ever-during Cares, reſign to Reſt,
Soon ſtart aghaſt, with ſhrill-reſounding Streams,
From all the Terrors of preſaging Dreams:
Nor ſo reliev'd, the Terrors all remain,
Trac'd in too lively Colours on my Brain;
And imag'd ſtronger than they were before,
All ſeems a Viſion now, a Dream no more.
The dire Idea by Reflection frights:
Now murther'd Innocents and royal Sprights
Glancing all pale, before my Curtains glare,
Grizzly with gaping Wounds and upſtart Hair;
Or Forms of Fancy, or embody'd Air.
Now to my boding Fears the Spectres tell,
How pious * *Henry*, how young *Edward* fell:
Come then! or calls a Voice, or ſeems to call
Increaſe the Number deſtin'd here to fall!

Here too my poor Remains muſt reſt unknown,
No Name inſcrib'd, no monumental Stone:

* *Pious* Henry.] *Henry* VI.

† *Young* Edward.] *Edward* V.

No

No weeping Servant muſt my Hearſe attend,
No pious Kinſman, no afflicted Friend.
They fly me all! how barb'rous! how ingrate!
All but * the faithful Few who ſhare my Fate!
Deterr'd by their Example, who ſhall dare
Compoſe my lifeleſs Limbs with decent Care?
Who from polluting Gore my Body lave?
Or lay me peaceful in an humble Grave?
Who then ſhall interdicted Pity ſhow?
Permit a Sigh to breath, a Tear to flow?
Or whiſp'ring ſoft, my mounting Spirit aid?
Light lye the Earth, and reſt the gentle Shade!
Such † fun'ral Rites alone muſt I receive
As Enmity confers, or Chance can give.

Pity, the meaneſt Boon a Queen can claim,
Is due at leaſt to *Boleyn*'s once lov'd Name:

* *The faithful Few.*] Her Brother the Lord *Rochford*, *Henry Norris*, Eſq; and others who ſuffered on her Account.

† Hiſtorians have informed us that this unfortunate Lady was interred without even the Regards of common Decency; They tell us that not ſo much as a Coffin was provided for her; for Want of which her Body was put into an Arrow-Cheſt, and buried in the Tower Chapel before the high Altar. Where the high Altar ſtood, a Perſon beſt ſkilled in the Antiquities of the Place was not able to inform me; but it is conjectured by an Accident that happened a few Years ſince, that ſhe was not buried in the Chapel: For in a Cellar adjoining thereto were found, in ſuch a Cheſt as Writers mention, not very deeply covered with Earth, the Bones of a human Body of a ſmall Stature, the Scull only wanting. Theſe Bones, after being view'd by ſeveral Perſons, were by all concluded to be the Remains of *Anne Boleyn*, and ſoon after again covered in the ſame Place.

That Name had yet my noblest Boast remain'd,
Had not your Will another Fate ordain'd.
But you advanc'd me to an higher Sphere,
And *Pembroke* glitter'd with the Brightest there;
With more conspicuous Lustre next I shone,
Declar'd the Partner of your Heart and Throne:
Earth * has no more to give,——but you supply
Her Poverty, and lift me to the Sky;
Thither, where *Amaranths* eternal grow,
To wreath the Chaplet for the Martyr's Brow.

The Hint of this Epistle was taken from the last Letter of this unfortunate Princess to King Henry, *still preserved in the* Cotton *Library, and printed in the* Spectators; *in which we have a lasting Monument of the Quickness of her Understanding, and the Greatness of her Spirit: To her Wit and engaging Behaviour she owed her Advancement; her Ruin partly to the King's Inconstancy, and partly to Reason of State, which required a more undisputed Succession than could be had from a Marriage not acknowledged by foreign Princes. Tho' it cannot be denied that her immoderate Fondness for being admired, the usual Result of a* French *Education, as well as the implacable Malice of a Party who apprehended her Favour to the Reformation, contributed to her Fall: I shall not enter into her general Character, tho' no Writer seems to have treated it with Impartiality,*

* Alluding to her last Words: That the King of a private Gentlewoman had made her a Marchioness, of a Marchioness a Queen: and since he could prefer her no higher on Earth, of a Queen would make her a Saint in Heaven.

except my Lord Herbert. *But as I have given this Letter entirely a poetical Cast, it was not improper to explain some Parts of the History alluded to in it.*

The MICROCOSM, asserting the DIGNITY of MAN.

Sanctius his Animal, mentisque capacius altæ.

Ovid.

This Essay of mine was occasioned by an ingenious Poem, called the Universe; which takes in the most curious Parts of Nature with a beautiful Variety: I think that Scripture favours the opposite Side; tho' here accus'd of Self-Love and Arrogance. I refer the whole of this Argument to Psalm 8. where it is expressed with a significant and elegant Brevity.

On this Subject I first intended a larger Introduction: But as I design, not Controversy, but Contrast, shall content myself with what I have premised.

The MICROCOSM.

ASCEND, my Soul, and elevate thy Thought,
To view the Wonders by thy Maker wrought.
To yon bright Arch thy dazzled Eyes erect,
And in the Work confess the Architect:
Then, looking down, contracted in a Span,
Behold another Universe in Man.

Duſt is his Origin, and Earth his Place:
But on the Mother's Side tho' Man be baſe,
Sprung from the ſacred Sire, to Heav'n ally'd,
The conſcious Soul maintains her noble Pride,
Nor is it Pride: What Gratitude were due
Unleſs the Value of the Gift ſhe knew?
No more, O Man! thy Faculties diſgrace;
Nor ſeek to herd among the reptile Race:
Nor thro' the boundleſs Fields of Æther roam,
Loſt in thy Search—Begin thy Search at Home.
Think on thy firſt Forefather when he lay
Inanimate upon his native Clay:
The beauteous Symmetry, tho' not inſpir'd
With vital Breath, was then to be admir'd.
When Art but imitates in Parian Stone,
The ſwelling Muſcles, and the jointed Bone,
The ſteady Thighs, the Ribs with eaſy Sweep,
Which all erect the ſtately Poſture keep,
The ſupple Knee, the Ancles firm to ſtand,
The bending Fingers, and the graſping Hand,
The Neck, with gentle Negligence inclin'd,
The lively Features that expreſs the Mind;
When thus, tho' from the Marble hard and rude,
With yielding Fleſh the Figure ſeems endu'd,
How can its Air to Veneration move?
Or the cold Iv'ry warm the Carver's Love?
What this external Mold contains within
Unſeen, unknown; to actuate the Machine,
Or why the whole, or why the Parts were made,
Each for itſelf, and each for mutual Aid,

Re-

Remains to aſk; See! from the Ground he ſprings,
What Pow'r has giv'n the grov'ling Creature Wings?
See! how to Heav'n he caſts his op'ning Eyes;
New to the Scene of Wonders he deſcries;
Then runs, and leaps, perceives and underſtands,
And lifts with ſudden Extaſy his Hands;
Say, whence am I? and whence theſe Objects all
That ſtrike my Senſe? He calls, or ſeems to call.
What is that Senſe? how downward from the Brain
The ſubtile Nerves deduce their artful Chain,
And what æthereal Juice their Tubes contain,
What to the Ear impulſive Air conveys,
What in the Eye collects the viſual Rays,
Let Reaſon trace; in all their Mazes loſt:
The ſmalleſt Work commends the Artiſt moſt.
Yet Uſefulneſs of Parts, and Senſe acute,
Man but enjoys in common with the Brute:
They move, and feed, and leave their Like behind:
To Him a nobler Province is aſſign'd,
To worſhip God, and benefit his Kind.
When from the Sun his Fire *Prometheus* ſtole,
Cou'd that give Reaſon to the human Soul?
That vital Fire each as he likes explain;
Lodg'd in the Heart, or lab'ring in the Brain,
From whence the circulating Spirits flow;
Pleaſure or Pain their Action may beſtow,
But 'tis the Mind determines Bliſs or Woe.

Who was it firſt the infant Tongue unbound,
And tun'd it to the Elements of Sound?
The World of Beings by their Names to call,
Or by ſoft Intervals to riſe and fall?
The mimic Parrot ecchoes what is taught;
The Speech of Man is the Reſult of Thought:
The Lark and Linnet Strain their warbling Throats;
But not a Word accompanies their Notes.
O! then to God thy double Tribute bring!
Reaſon to ſpeak his Works, and Verſe to ſing.
Since ſuch Pre-eminence is thine alone,
In theſe great Gifts their greater Author own:
Nor doubt that all was giv'n to thy Command,
Arm'd with that * uſeful Inſtrument, the Hand,
To tame thy Vaſſals of the Air and Land.
By this, and Reaſon's Aid be taught to ſhear
The bleating Sheep, and break the ſturdy Steer;
Thine is the Robe the curling Fleeces yield;
And thine the Plenty of the furrow'd Field.
Go, lure the Falcon from his airy Way;
Not for himſelf the Taker takes the Prey:
Toſs'd from his Maſter's Hand he ſoars above,
And chaces thro' the Clouds the trembling Dove;
Or grapples with the Heron, when on high,
He rends her finny Captives in the Sky.
Go; teach the gen'rous Courſer not to fear,
When the ſhrill Trumpet terrifies the Ear:
In equal Rank to keep or change his Ground;
Tho' Thouſands fall, and Thunder roars around.
Lybians and *Indians*, marching to the War,
May ſcorn the fiery Steed, and rolling Car:

* *Vide Ray* on the Creation.

Amid

Amid the ſwarthy Hoſt aloft appears
A living Bulk, that creſted Turrets bears.
Forward he preſſes on the adverſe Foe;
While the bold Archer deals his Darts below:
Who taught to manage that unwieldy Strength?
Or, with the ſinewy Trunk's enormous Length,
His mounting Rider to his Seat to aid?
Or pierce the thickeſt Legions undiſmay'd
Tho' in impenetrable Scales array'd?
When *Behemoth* the ruling Voice obeys;
* Or from the Field his wounded Lord conveys.
Go; from the Mountain fell the lofty Pine;
Since all the Foreſts on his Brows are thine:
And Reaſon gives, thy Labours to prepare,
The Wedge and Ax, the Compaſſes and Square.
Raiſe the tall Maſt, and rib the ſolid Sides;
Build the ſtout Veſſel that, with Winds and Tides,
May ſeek the Regions which the Sea divides;
Or ſteer thy Courſe, where, by the frozen Poles,
Leviathan upon the Ocean rolls;
And the fierce Sea-horſe ſleeps on icy Shoals.
Tho' † he the rattling of thy Shafts deride,
Tho' he be Sov'reign o'er the Sons of Pride.
When from thy Hand the piercing Barb is thrown
The Monſter trembles, tho' his Heart be ſtone:
Wounded he roars, and drags the length'ning Line,
And mingled with his Blood he ſpouts the Brine,
Laſh'd by his ample Tail the frothy Surges ſhine:

* Q. *Curtius* Hiſt. of *Alexander* and *Porus*. † Job xli.

Then to the shallow Shores for Safety flies;
While on his Back whole Groves of Lances rise.
Who to these Arts, O Mortal! led thy Way?
To rule the Brutes made thee more wise than they,
The Wild to conquer, while the Tame obey?
Or canst thou doubt that Nature's golden Law
Once kept spontaneous Innocence in Awe?
Tho' then the Rebel Beast refus'd thy Yoak,
When Rebel Man to God his Fealty broke.
What various Life in lesser Forms we see?
Who first instructed the laborious Bee,
Not in our Rules of Architecture skill'd,
Sexangular her waxen Dome to build,
To lodge her Brood, and hoard her luscious Store?
Mark!——and the great Geometer adore.
Unwearyd she collects the flow'ry Bloom,
For Man to rifle the nectareous Comb:
With fragrant Herbs to temper in the Bowl,
To cool his Veins and chear his fainting Soul;
Or dire intestine Tortures to allay,
The lab'ring Lungs, and Stone's impetuous Way.
Nor think thy Maker was in Part unkind,
And to minuter Objects left thee blind,
When in the Microscope thou canst descry,
The Gnat's sharp Spear, the Muscles of a Fly:
These might at Random thy Inquiry 'scape;
But there thou may'st examine all their Shape.
There the gay Down of Insects to behold,
Or Millions crowding in the Plumb's blue Mold.
Or in the Acorn view the branching Tree;
Wiser or better dost thou seek to be?

Acknow-

Acknowledge him who taught Mankind to try
The curious Uſe of that fictitious Eye.
Look to yon Heav'n above: was that deſign'd
To ſerve thy Wants, or exerciſe thy Mind?
Tho' that fair Moon, to chear the gloomy Night,
Around thy Globe conveys her borrow'd Light;
Tho' other Stars, each in his proper Sphere,
Divide thy Days and Nights, thy Month and Year,
Beyond thy Ken remoter Orbits run,
In each a Syſtem which attends a Sun.
While we look up and gaze and gueſs below
At what we are not privileg'd to know,
How can thy Pride imagine it ſhou'd be
He who rules there ſhou'd caſt an Eye to thee?
Be that confeſs'd; we own his Care the more,
Who taught to find thoſe Worlds unknown before,
Who ſummons each by Name, and numbers all their Store.
Nor is it long ſince Reaſon cou'd invent
An Eye to pierce the diſtant Firmament:
A thouſand Stars diſcloſing to our View,
Or in Appearance or Diſcov'ry new,
But what from them to Mortals can accrue?
Their Influence in a Space, ſo vaſt and void,
Muſt all be diſſipated and deſtroy'd.
What are the Beings that inhabit there?
Or how their Nature ſuited to their Sphere?
Where wou'd that *Icarus* of Fancy rove,
And then drop headlong from his Flight above?
Ambition! never weep for Worlds unknown;
But learn to be contented with thy own.

Yet theſe are thine; as deſtin'd to conduce
Connected to thy neceſſary Uſe:
As in their Turns they riſe and diſappear,
To point the rural Labours of the Year,
Led by theſe Lights, for Knowledge or for Gain,
Launch the good Ship, and plough the ſpacious Main;
And on whatever Spot by Tempeſt toſt,
Explore thy Diſtance from thy native Coaſt.
This little World, where we pretend to Sway,
One Half, for Ages, undiſcover'd lay:
The Sailor then, the Magnet's Aid unknown,
And ſcar'd with Monſters of the torrid Zone,
Believ'd the verdant Cape the fartheſt Ground;
And all beyond was loſt in Sea profound,
Or old *Atlantis* in Oblivion drown'd.
That other Pole, that ſinks beneath our Sight,
They doom'd to Waters or * eternal Night;
Not ſo *Columbus*; and he judg'd aright.
Sedate, tho' bold, and reſolute, tho' wiſe,
Diſtreſs, and Storms, and Envy to deſpiſe,
O'er the wide Waves he led the dauntleſs Crew,
Fame, Wealth, and Empire, all at once in View.
Where other Shores ariſe and Stars appear:
And the fair Croſiers light the Southern Sphere.
Yet Man was there; tho' rude in Arts like ours,
The ſame in all his Faculties and Pow'rs;

* Illum
Sub pedibus Styx atra videt.
Hlic, ut prohibent, aut intempeſta ſilet nox.
Seroper. *Virgil.*

And

And with the ſame inventive Wit inſpir'd
To find what his Neceſſity requir'd.
Irregular to Heav'ns more uſual Laws,
Say, whence his Train the fiery Comet draws?
Thro' what unfathom'd void his Courſe is bound?
Or how to vaniſh in the vaſt Profound?
Let *Halley* this, or *Newton* this explain;
And fix his Period to return again:
While the pale Vulgar ſees, with wild Amaze,
The Sword of God, unſheath'd for Vengeance blaze.
Avert that Omen, Heav'n! avert our Guilt:
Enough, alas! of native Blood is ſpilt.
Yet neither they determine, nor preſage:
The Lord of Hoſts commands when War ſhall rage,
To tame the Licence of an impious Age.
A Mind that graſps the habitable Ball,
Aſpires to Heav'n, and ſtrives to meaſure all.
Whether at Objects ſo remote from hence
She gueſs aright, or err with ſpecious Senſe,
Superior Excellence of Man proclaims:
Tho' oft miſtaking in his glorious Aims.
His boaſted Science by Degrees he gains,
As op'ning Truth rewards his tireſome Pains:
For that acquir'd without the Labour try'd,
Would ſink its Worth and elevate his Pride.
Labour to Man was as his Portion giv'n;
How juſt and how benevolent is Heav'n!
The Soul from ſtupid Indolence to raiſe;
To trace the great Creator's myſtic Ways.

* And much, O Mortal! to thy curious Mind,
Has Time reveal'd; and much Remains behind:
Leave that to Heav'n, and know thy Search confin'd.
Howe'er important thy Discov'ries are,
Another Age demands an equal Share.
‡ Number, and Weight and Measure to explain,
Can thy small Heart this ample World contain?
Yet there has God infix'd the keen Desire,
Excites, and not forbids thee to inquire:
A pleasing Task! tho' none can comprehend
Its first Beginning, or its latest End.
How well was that Advice thyself to know,
Ascrib'd to Heav'n by Sages long ago!
Thy very Doubt of all these wond'rous Things.
From that high Monitor within thee springs.
Daughter of Heav'n, my Soul! for such thou art,
Not of material Elements a Part,
On this fair Scene thy present Sense employ:
But raise thy nobler Hope to future Joy.
Tho' Heav'n shall vanish, and the Stars shall fall,
And rolling Flames dissolve this earthly Ball,
The Just in happy Mansions shall remain,
While Worlds shall perish, and revive again.

* *Ecclesiasticus* iii. 23. Be not curious in unnecessary Matters.
‡ *Ecclesiastes* iii. 11.

The

The three Children in the fiery Furnace.

THE proud *Chaldean* molds of fusile Gold,
A mighty Image of gigantic Mold!
On *Dura*'s Plain, of solid Metal cast
He rear'd the Frame, immeasurably vast.
Then thro' the East he sent his dread Commands,
To Chiefs and Ancients of the various Lands
Of vassal Faith to his imperial Sway;
Or forc'd by right of Conquest to obey:
He summon'd all; and to the Feast resort
The servile Princes, and obsequious Court.
An Herald then: 'tis thus the King commands,
Ye various Nations, Languages, and Lands!
When thro' the ecchoing Heav'n you hear around
The martial Trumpet and the Cornet sound,
When softer Flutes their Harmony respire
And miscellaneous Stop of vocal Wire.
Then, humbly prostrate on the Ground, adore
The regal Image of refulgent Ore.
To him who shall presume to disobey
'Tis certain Death, and void of all Delay:
That moment shall the destin'd Wretch expire,
Plung'd in the Furnace of devouring Fire.
The Musick sounds, and instant at the Call,
O Shame of human Minds! they prostrate Fall.
With Envy stung a fawning Crew drew near:
Officious to invade the Royal Ear.

O King! they ſaid, whoſe long extended Line
Of Age and Empire may no Bound confine!
Long in thy Favour have diſtinguiſh'd ſtood,
Three haughty Captives of the *Hebrew* Blood;
Who now, rebellious to thy high Decree,
With equal Scorn neglect thy Gods and thee,
And diſobey thy Edict to adore
The regal Image of refulgent Ore.
He heard; impetuous Rage and kindling Ire
With frantic Fury all his Soul inſpire:
And, at his Word, the prompt Attendants bring
The pious Brethren to the vengeful King.
And is it thus? as Wrath afforded Way,
And is it thus, he ſtern, began to ſay,
That you my Mandates and my Gods obey?
Was my Decree to only you unknown?
The Symphony unheard by you alone?
Yet, as you may, your former Crime recall;
Before the golden Statue proſtrate fall:
If you perſiſt, 'tis fix'd that you expire,
Plung'd in the Furnace of devouring Fire.
Is there a God who in the fatal Hour
Can give Aſſiſtance, or elude my Pow'r?
Unterrify'd the Brethren thus rejoin'd,
Receive the Anſwer of a conſtant Mind;
Our Deity can, if his Will require,
Extend his Hand to ſave us from the Fire:
The Pow'r of him from whom thy Empire ſprings,
In our Defence can over-rule the King's.
But be it as befalls; we fix'd remain
Nor ſerve thy Gods: Thy Menaces are vain.

The

The Monarch frown'd; and dreadful to behold,
With alter'd Looks his flaſhing Eyes he roll'd,
On ſevenfold Heaps he bad to build the Pyre;
And with Bitumen to foment the Fire:
Then that the Leaders of his warlike Bands
In Manacles ſhou'd link the *Hebrews* Hands.
The willing Guards the ſtern Beheſt obey,
They bound the Youths, and in their rich Array
And bright Tyars, amid the Flames they threw,
While all around the ruddy Sparkles flew.
The rapid Blaze forth from the Furnace pours,
And all the dire Aſſiſtants it devours:
In vain for Aid they call, in vain they fly,
And raiſe to Heav'n an unavailing Cry.
Leſs ſwift the Flood, increas'd with wintry Rain,
O'erflows its Banks, and deluges the Plain:
When Tillage, Flocks, and Swains at once it
ſweeps,
And rolls the Ruin to the gulphy Deeps.
But to the three, amid ſurrounding Flame,
On Pennons Expedite an Angel came;
All manifeſt he ſtood, of Form divine;
Not like the Earth-born Sons of mortal Line.
In his Deſcent an humid Cloud he drew,
And thro' the Furnace ſcatter'd cooling Dew:
His ſhady Wings the ſcorching Heat repel,
And from the Captives Limbs the Shackles fell.
At large they walk, and triumph o'er the Fire;
Untouch'd their Hair, un-injur'd their Attire;
Inviolate their grateful Voice they raiſe;
And ſing, in choral Verſe their Maker's Praiſe;

O all ye Beings! which when Time was young,
From the divine productive fiat ſprung:
Bleſs ye the Lord, and celebrate his Praiſe;
His Glories over all for ever raiſe.

Ye Angels! delegated from above,
To act his Vengeance or declare his Love:
Bleſs ——

Ye azure Fields! thro' whoſe immenſe Expanſe
Revolving Orbs complete their myſtic Dance:
Bleſs ——

Ye Waters! whoſe circumfluous Treaſures lye
Above the Vaults of our inferior Sky:
Bleſs ——

Ye who excell in Might and Virtue moſt
Ye Hierarchs of the celeſtial Hoſt!
Bleſs ——

Thou Sun, the Fountain of diffuſive Light!
And thou the ſilver Planet of the Night!
Bleſs ——

Ye Stars! who circle thro' th' ethereal Space;
Ye who for ever keep your deſtin'd Place:
Bleſs ——

Ye

Ye Show'rs! which on the Earth your Drops diffuſe;
Ye Exhalations, which return in Dews;
Bleſs ——

Ye Winds! which thro' the languid Air reſpire,
Or ſpeak in Tempeſts your Creator's Ire:
Bleſs ——

Ye Flames! which with deſtructive Fury glow;
And you to which congenial Heat we owe:
Bleſs ——

Ye wintry Months! unchearful and ſevere,
And thou, the brighter Solſtice of the Year:
Bleſs ——

Ye Dews! that owe to humid Mists your Birth;
Ye hoary Froſts that whiten all the Earth:
Bleſs ——

Ye that in ſolid Chains the Waters hold!
Ye Particles of penetrating cold:
Bleſs ——

Ye Waters in thoſe icy Fetters bound!
Ye Snows whoſe ſilver Fleece beſpreads the Ground!
Bleſs ——

Ye Revolutions of alternate Night!
Ye Revolutions of diurnal Light!
Bleſs ——

Thou

Thou Light, as early born as Nature's Prime!
Thou Darkness, ancient ere the Birth of Time!
Bless ——— ———

Ye Lightnings, waving with a dreadful glare!
Ye Clouds, suspended on the liquid Air:
Bless ——— ———

And thou terrestrial Ball to these reply,
With grateful Voice to bless the Deity:
Do thou combine to celebrate his Praise;
His Glories over all for ever raise.
Ye mountain Steeps! that emulate the Skies!
Hills that with humbler Elevation rise!
Bless ——— ———

Ye Vegetables! that with springing Green
Enrich, and beautify the rural Scene:
Bless ——— ———

Ye Springs! whose subterranean Cells contain
Collected Humor or pervading Rain:
Bless ——— ———

Ye mighty Oceans! which the World divide;
Ye Rivers! which devolve an useful Tyde:
Bless ——— ———

Enormous Whales! who roll upon the Main,
And all who glide along the watry Plain:
Bless ——— ———

Ye

Ye Wanderers! whom plumy Pennons bear
Aloft, in Regions of the trackless Air:
Bless ——

Ye Savages of Earth! inur'd to prey;
Ye Herds, who the Command of Man obey:
Bless ——

Ye whom the wise Creator of the whole
Has form'd erect, and rational of Soul:
Bless ——

Ye Tribes! who sever'd from the Race of Earth,
From ancient *Israel* derive your Birth:
Bless ——

Ye who, descended from the priestly Line,
Are ever destin'd to attend his Shrine:
Bless ——

Ye Votaries! whose Piety of Mind
Is to the Service of the Lord resign'd:
Bless ——

Ye Spirits of the Just! ye Souls who past
Thro' mortal Toils to Happiness at last:
Bless ——

Ye virtuous Hearts! where pure Religion sways
meek Humility her Laws obeys:
Bless ——

And

And you, the three, whom dauntless Zeal inspires
To dare the Monarch's Frown and Rage of Fires!
Bless ye the Lord and celebrate his Praise;
His Glories over all for ever raise.

On Lady BRIDGWATER'S *Picture,*

By Mr. JERVAS. 1713.

SUCH flowing Lines, and such a lovely Saint!
So might a *Raphael* a *Cecilia* paint.
Almost the Eye imposes on the Ear;
Her Fingers seem to move, and we to hear:
While two young Angel Forms stand listning by;
And wait with upward Eyes her Harmony.
No Strength of Fancy, no Success of Art,
O *Jervas!* this Idea cou'd impart:
Thy Pencil other Beauties may command,
But *Churchill's* Eyes instruct the Master's Hand.

CU-

CURIOSITY.

NOR wish, nor fondly seek to know
What Fate denies to human Kind:
Misfortunes more severe wou'd grow,
If what we follow we should find.

That Origin of being curst,
Does with the Sex's Frailty suit:
And wretched Man was ruin'd first
When Woman pull'd the tempting Fruit.

How rashly she for Knowledge sought!
The fatal Error chains us still,
How dear our gen'ral Mother bought
The Knowledge of her certain Ill!

In Grace to us has Heav'ns Decree
Conceal'd from Sight Events to come:
While, by our vain Inquiries, we
Anticipate the dreaded Doom.

If silent *Campbell* con'd to View
The future Scenes of Time unfold;
Were his prophetic Fables true,
As *Delphian* Oracles of old:

By mystic Arts and impious Spells,
In vain, alas! wou'd you explore,
What Fate retains in gloomy Cells;
What Love and Life have yet in Store.

Our Disappointment gives us Pain,
If 'tis impossible to know.
But what does their Discov'ry gain,
Who feel the Wound before the Blow?

Misfortune, Pain, and Death at last
'Tis certain all must undergo:
Why shou'd we singly long to taste,
The dire Ingredients of our Woe?

On the THUNDER-STORM, June 1726.

In Allusion to HORACE.

Parcus Deorum cultor —

WHAT Magazines of Sulphur in the Sky,
What Stores of Flame and crackling Nitre lye,
When o'er our Heads the sable Clouds impend,
And Bursts of Thunder all the Concave rend;
When Forests, Mortals, and the lofty Spires
Of sacred Temples feel the darted Fires,

Ye

Ye ſceptic Wits, the latent Cauſe contend
Till with the World the Controverſy end:
Diſpute th' Effect of an almighty Hand,
Yet inly tremble at the forky Brand:
No Art your conſcious Terrors can remove,
When God majeſtic thunders from above.
But when again he calms the troubled Sky
Secure to Cauſes natural you fly:
The formidable Voice of Heaven deſpiſe,
And think yourſelves the only brave and wiſe.
Miſtaken Fools! 'twas he aſſign'd to all
That univerſal Law we Nature call.
He bad ſulphureous Particles aſpire,
To float in Air, and agitate to Fire;
He guides their Fury and directs the Blow,
That menaces the guilty World below.
At his Command the livid Flames are hurl'd,
Trembles the ſolid Baſis of the World;
Black Smoak and ruddy Fire together roll
From *Ætna*'s Top, and Rocks beneath the Pole:
The central Deep refunds its wat'ry Stores;
And with redoubled Rage the vaſt *Atlantic* roars.
Nor only Matter his Decrees obeys;
The various Turns of human Kind he ſways;
No giddy Chance controuls our earthly Ball,
By him alternate Empires riſe or fall;
'Tis his alone or to depoſe or crown,
To raiſe the Mean, or bring the Lofty down.

The LORD's PRAYER.

PARENT of all! who dost in Heav'n reside,
Thy venerable Name be sanctify'd:
O'er all the Universe advance thy Sway;
While, like thy Angels we, thy Will obey.
The constant Sustenance of Life bestow;
And pardon us, as we forgive a Foe:
Expose us not to Trials; but from Ill
In thy propitious Care defend us still.
No Term of Age thy Empire shall confine,
And Pow'r and Majesty are ever thine.

SACRED ODE.

HEAV'NLY Muse! my Soul inspire,
Tune my Voice, and string my Lyre:
Higher yet, and yet more high
Lift the mutual Harmony.
Wake me from delusive Dreams;
Vain imaginary Themes:
Lift my Voice to him above;
Wisdom, Word, and heav'nly Love.
How ineffable thy Birth?
Progeny of Heav'n and Earth!

God e'er Time his Courſe began;
In his deſtin'd Period Man.
Offſpring of a ſpotleſs Maid;
Infant in a Manger lay'd;
Welcom'd by angelic Strains;
Publiſh'd to the harmleſs Swains.
Uſher'd by a new-born Star;
Sought by Sages from afar.
By the Tyrant's Rage explor'd;
Reſcu'd from the fatal Sword:
Nouriſh'd on the Banks of Nile;
Son recall'd from that Exile.
Heir of *David*'s ancient Throne;
Public Victim to atone:
Paſchal Lamb and heav'nly Bread,
Food by which our Souls are fed.
King by ſervile Scourges torn,
Piercing Nails, and pointed Thorn;
Sol his frighted Beams withdrew,
Struck with Horror at the View:
Cou'd the Sun thy Suff'rings ſee,
And not ſympathize with thee;
Genuine Light! who kindled his,
Riſing from the dark Abyſs.
Nature to her Centre ſhook;
Ghoſts their former Bodies took:
Torn the Veil to common Eyes
Leaves the naked Myſteries.
Was it not enough he dy'd?
Wounds on Wounds are multiply'd?
Can the Dead be doubly ſlain?
Are they ſenſible of Pain?

Iſſues from his bleeding Side
Water with the vital Tide:
That our ſcarlet Sins to lave;
This to expiate and to ſave.
Scene of Death, O! when to end?
See! his mournful Friends attend,
In the ſilent Grave to lay
Death! thy unreſiſting Prey.
Boaſt thy Triumph, Death! undone
By the Conqueſt thou haſt won.
Barr'd are all thy Gates in vain;
He ſhall burſt the Bars again:
As the Sun in Weſtern Skies
Sets, but only ſets to riſe,
He reſumes, and he alone
Voluntary Life laid down.
Now he mounts again on high
Glorious in his Victory:
Mortal Eyes purſue his Flight,
Loſt amid the Fields of Light:
Angels wait him on the Wing:
Hark! alternate how they ſing,
Open on your Hinges fly,
Azure Portals of the Sky!
To the King of Majeſty.

Horace

HORACE *to* LEUCONOE.

NO! no! *Leuconoe!* ſeek no more
What reſts for thee or me in Store;
'Tis Guilt the future to explore:
The vain *Chaldean*'s Art to try;
For caſting thy Nativity.
'Tis better learn the worſt to bear:
Whether we gain another Year;
Or this the laſt which ſhall be given
At the determin'd Will of Heav'n.
Be wiſe; and pierce the gen'rous Wine:
And all thy diſtant Hopes reſign;
When but a Moment can be thine.
And what can envious Time afford,
Which flies while we pronounce the Word?
Then ſeize the preſent while you may;
Nor truſt To-morrow for a Day.

Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.

THIS Perſpective may teach your Eyes
To ſee your Miſtreſs ſet or riſe;
When you ſurprize her late or ſoon,
Unlike the Luſtre of her Noon:

What Mouſe thus arches o'er her Eyes,
Her Hair what jetty Tincture dyes;
What Cream her poliſh'd Forehead ſleeks,
And what Vermilion ſtains her Cheeks.
Now wou'd not this convince a Lover
That Beauty is a Cheat all over?
Her Teeth, ſo far I own is right,
Are real Iv'ry, good and white.

Imitation of HORACE, Lib. II. Ode 15.

Jam pauca aratro jugera.

WE now no longer can allow,
Superfluous Acres to the Plow:
As we improve our Taſte:
We turn them to fantaſtic Scenes,
Exotics all, and Ever-greens,
In various Order caſt.

'Tis now a Crime for Trees to bear,
The Plum, the Apple, and the Pear
Are rooted from the Ground:
While Myrtles here their Buds diſcloſe,
And there, to entertain the Noſe,
The Orange blooms around.

Be-

Behold our airy Palaces!
Our Paleſtrina and Farneſe!
How we in Freſco breath!
Who would not think the lofty Dome
Was lifted all entire from *Rome*,
To *Wanſted* or *Blackheath*?

Strong ſolid Buildings warm and plain,
Our Anceſtors could entertain
An hoſpitable Race:
Queen *Beſs* with humbler was content,
More frugally magnificent,
Almoſt upon the Place.

If ever Coſt or Art they ſhow'd,
Such as Antiquity beſtow'd
'Twas to the Public given:
Then let us imitate our Sires;
And finiſh the majeſtic Spires
That ſlowly riſe to Heav'n.

The Coquette *and* Prude.

THE vain Coquette you ſoon may know;
The perfect Tally to the Beau:
Ambitious all the Sex to pleaſe,
She likes and leaves with equal Eaſe.

With mimic Airs, and Dreſs deſign'd
At nothing leſs than all Mankind,
She rolls her Eyes alike on all;
At Court, or Theatre, or Ball,
Her Mind important Projects fill;
To make a Party at Quadrille:
A Ticket when *Fauſtina* ſings;
And ſuch conſiderable Things.
Of what is new, and what is gay,
Is all ſhe has to think or ſay:
She only fears ſome rural Clown
Should drag her from the charming Town.
At laſt the Youth obtains her Grace,
Whoſe Merit is the fineſt Lace:
Who dreſſes alamode de *France*;
And bows—— with perfect Complaiſance.
Another, more reſerv'd or rude,
Aſſumes the Conduct of a Prude:
To odious Man ſo grave and ſhy
She ſcarce can give him a Reply.
Of vaſt Diſcretion to reprove
That deſpicable Foible Love:
She wonders Girls are fond or frail;
And takes a virtuous Pride to rail.
In Company ſhou'd ſhe be gay,
What the cenſorious World wou'd ſay?
But gives herſelf exceſſive Airs
Of edifying Zeal at Pray'rs.
She means to act the prudent Part;
And ſuffer none to touch her Heart:

Inſenſible, as ſhe pretends;
Yet ſlave to mercenary Ends.
To Terms like theſe if native Wit
And conſcious Virtue muſt ſubmit,
What Motive is there to compell
A Milk-Maid to commence a Belle?

The MONUMENT.

IN vain the ſtately Monument you raiſe,
Inſcrib'd with pompous Epitaphs of Praiſe:
By waſte of Time, or ſacrilege o'erthrown,
A nameleſs Ruin ſhall remain alone.
Let ſervile Poets, in a fawning Strain,
Applaud the Mighty, and delude the vain:
Let curious Art inſpire the breathing Buſt;
And marble Urns enſhrine the mould'ring Duſt.
Can theſe, alas! an after Being buy?
Or raiſe the Man above Mortality?
May I, in Death that uſeleſs Pride reſign;
The humble Surface of the Earth be mine:
The Hand which made can recollect the Frame,
Without the Guidance of a Stone or Name.

From OWEN's *Epigrams.*

FRIGIDUS ardentes intravit *Nilus* ocellos,
Dum cor *Ætnæo* carpitur igne meum:
Nec tantus fluvio lacrymarum exſtinguitur ardor,
Nec tanti fletus flumina ſiccat amor.
Sic, ſibi diſcordes, exercent vim tamen ambo,
In me concordes, ignis et unda ſuam.

While *Nile* diffuſes from my ſtreaming Eyes,
Love to my Heart *Ætnæan* Fire ſupplies:
Nor can the copious Floods his Ardor tame;
Nor are they waſted by the raging Flame.
The jarring Elements the Wave and Fire,
Thus with united Force in me conſpire.

On the Death of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

'TIS now the Night thy pious Friends entruſt
To ſacred Earth thy venerable Duſt:
By Nature doom'd maturely to expire;
If Life or Fame can ſatiate the Deſire,
Immortal and ſecure thy Name remains,
Which ſcarce the habitable World contains.

Whether

Whether thou did'ſt the levell'd Tube apply,
To bring the Planets to thy ſearching Eye:
Or rather thro' the Heav'ns thy Spirit flew,
To trace their Motions with a nearer View;
What Force their deſtin'd Line obliquely bends,
And what in vacuous Space their Weight ſuſpends,
Or to deſcribe how this terreſtrial Ball,
Where Man, as in himſelf, has cent'red all,
And doom'd it ever to Repoſe profound,
Inceſſant finiſhes its ample Round
Of annual Courſe: Or to the Morning Ray
Obverts its Front; or wheels to fly the Day.
To calculate how diſtant we admire,
Or how enjoy remote the ſolar Fire,
Thy Soul th'Abyſs of Numbers could explore:
Tho' they, like Hydra, multiply their Store.
Thy Mind, enlarg'd by Nature to compute
Her vaſteſt Work, cou'd trace the moſt minute,
Alike exact to penetrate the Ways
Of ſubtile Light, and fine æthereal Rays:
What Obſtacle compels them, as they paſs,
To march diverted thro' the pervious Glaſs;
What various Hues the lucid Pencils paint,
How deep or glaring ſoften into faint;
By what Degrees their kindred Shades unite,
And how their equal Mixture ſpreads a White.
Sicilia now, and *Samos* ſtrive in vain
With *Britain* bounded by the ambient Main.
Of ſolid Rocks on ſhatter'd Navies hurl'd,
And fancy'd Engines to remove the World,
Of pious Hecatombs on Altars lay'd,
When the diſcover'd Truth the Search repay'd.

Much have we heard, and ſomething we believ'd;
But ſee the Wonders by thyſelf atchiev'd.
Bacon and *Boyle* thy Triumphs but fore-run,
As Phoſphor riſes to precede the Sun:
Nor ſhall our Age or Ille reſign the Praiſe
To *Greece*, for Sages born in ancient Days.
Soon ſhall the marble Monument ariſe,
And *Newton*'s honour'd Name attract our Eyes:
The finiſh'd Buſt, in curious Sculpture wrought;
Shall ſeem to breath, alone abſorpt in Thought.
When fading Letters vaniſh from the Wall,
And when the lofty Pile itſelf ſhall fall,
Shou'd waſting Age, and Barbariſm conſpire
To ſink the Dome, or ſacrilegious Fire,
Some future *Cicero*, in Times to come
Shall reſcue from Neglect and *Archimedes*' Tomb.

To Dr. JAMES SHERARD, *M.D.*

On the Hortus Elthamenſis.

THE wiſeſt Man, the nobleſt Theme to chooſe,
On Trees and Plants employ'd his royal Muſe:
A Subject worthy *Solomon* to ſing;
To ſute the Sage, the Poet, and the King.
Bear me, O Muſe! where *Sherard* dar'd to tread
By ſacred Love of Vegetables led.

Where

Where *Athos* lifts his ſolitary Brow,
Or where *Olympus* views the Clouds below;
Or *Lebanon* in nobler Song renown'd,
With everlaſting Snows and Cedars crown'd;
To paint in Verſe the wild majeſtic Scenes,
And ſhade their vaſt Variety of Greens.
May faireſt Flow'rs of everlaſting Bloom
And freſheſt Verdure ſtill adorn his Tomb,
Who on his native *Iſis* has beſtow'd
The Shades where *Ganges* and *Euphrates* flow'd.
The Laurel, Palm, and every ſacred Tree
Are his; but yet divided ſtill with thee:
In thy Receſs ſhall all the Muſes rove;
And *Eltham*'s Gardens vye with *Plato*'s Grove.

WINTER SONG.

ASK me no more, my Truth to prove,
What I wou'd ſuffer for my Love:
With thee I wou'd in Exile go,
To Regions of eternal Snow:
O'er Floods by ſolid Ice confin'd;
Thro' Foreſt bare with Northern Wind:
While all around my Eyes I caſt,
Where all is wild, and all is waſte.
If there the tim'rous Stag you chace,
Or rouze to fight a fiercer Race,

Undaunted I thy Arms wou'd bear;
And give thy Hand the Hunter's Spear.
When the low Sun withdraws his Light,
And menaces an half Year's Night,
The conſcious Moon, and Stars above,
Shall guide me with my wand'ring Love.
Beneath the Mountain's hollow Brow,
Or in its rocky Cells below,
Thy rural Feaſt I wou'd provide;
Nor envy Palaces their Pride.
The ſofteſt Moſs ſhou'd dreſs thy Bed,
With Savage Spoils about thee ſpread:
While faithful Love the Watch ſhould keep,
To baniſh Danger from thy Sleep.

The ROSE.

Set by Dr. BOYCE.

BENEATH my Feet when *Flora* caſt
Her choiceſt Sweets of various Hue,
Their Charms, unheeded as I paſt,
Nor chear'd my Senſe, nor took my View.

I choſe, neglecting all the Reſt,
The Provence Roſe too fully blown:
I lodg'd it in my Virgin Breaſt,
It droop'd, alas! and dy'd too ſoon.

This

This gentle Sigh, this Rain of Eyes,
Thy Beauty never can recall:
'Tis thus that all Perfection flies;
And Love and Life muſt fade and fall.

From HORACE, Lib. I. Ode 38.

Perſicos odi, puer, Apparatus.

I.

I Hate, my Boy! the *Perſian* Pride;
Eternal Greens in Garlands ty'd:
And for the Roſe, thy Search forbear,
To crop the lateſt of the Year.

II.

To ſimple Myrtle ſtand confin'd,
'Tis fit the Servants Brows to bind;
'Tis fit the Maſters Brows to twine,
Who drinks beneath the ſhady Vine,

SONG

SONG.

Set by Mr. HOWARD.

I.

HOW happy is the Maid
That lives a rural Life!
By no falſe Views betray'd
To know domeſtic Strife.
No Paſſion ſways her Mind;
No Wiſhes to be great:
To humble Hopes confin'd
She ſhuns the flatt'ring Bait.

II.

Her Soul with calm Diſdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride,
Beholds the Rich and Vain
In gilded Fetters ty'd:
While Titles, Wealth and Pow'r,
The gaudy Scene diſplay;
And Pageants of an Hour
In Darkneſs glide away.

III.

But if ſome gentle Boy
Her faithful Boſom ſhare,
He doubles all her Joy,
And leſſens all her Care!

Their Moments on the Wing
The mutual Bliſs improve,
And give perpetual Spring
To Virtue, Truth, and Love.

On SHAKESPEAR's Monument.

OLD *Homer*'s fancy'd Face, a Form unknown,
Survives in breathing Braſs, or *Parian* Stone:
While of the Mind ſuch Images remain,
We wiſh to raiſe the honour'd Shade again;
Immortal Wit compels us to admire
The Relique, reſcu'd from devouring Fire.
Such *Shakeſpear* was; from hence Invention took
The ſtudious Poſture, and the piercing Look.
He, nobly bold, diſdain'd the Bounds of Art;
And ſpoke the native Dictates of the Heart:
Cou'd paint the Softneſs of th' enamour'd Maid,
The jealous Lover to his Rage betray'd;
Cou'd trace the Paſſions to their ſecret Springs,
The Pride of Heroes and the Wrongs of Kings;
The Murth'rer's Guilt; and whiſper in the Ear
What dire Ambition trembles but to hear.
Fairies and Ghoſts obey'd his magic Wand;
And with new Beings fill'd an unknown Land:
Ev'n then he taught the viſionary Throng
With uſeful Truth to moralize the Song.

Ye Kings who once our ancient Sceptre ſway'd!
Tho' here in Duſt your ſacred Heads are lay'd,
Afford the Poet's Monument a Room,
Whoſe Muſe recalls you from the ſilent Tomb.
At her Command majeſtic each appears,
To claim the loyal Tribute of our Tears:
The Waſte of civil Fury to diſcloſe,
Their mighty Triumphs and their mighty Woes.
When Princes fall, too great to fall alone,
We weep thoſe Ills our Anceſtors have done.
Such was the Bard; true to his Country's Cauſe,
He ſcorn'd to give ſucceſsful Vice Applauſe.
Such may he ſtill remain, thro' ev'ry Age,
With Patriot Virtue to inſpire the Stage.

There is no genuine Picture of Shakeſpear. *That called his was taken long after his Death from a Perſon ſuppoſed extremely like him; at the Direction of Sir* Thomas Clarges.

To Mr. HANDELL.

THE Sounds which vain unmeaning Accents bear
May ſtrike the Senſe and play upon the Ear:
In youthful Breaſts inſpire a tranſient Flame;
Then vaniſh in the Void from whence they came.

But

But when juſt Reaſon animates the Song,
With lofty Style, in Numbers ſmooth and ſtrong,
Such as young *Ammon*'s Paſſions cou'd controul,
Or chear the Gloom of *Saul*'s diſtemper'd Soul;
To theſe the Goddeſs Muſe ſhall tune her Voice:
For then the Muſe directs the Maſter's Choice.
Such Themes are ſuited to the Hero's Mind:
But rural Lays have Charms for all Mankind.
Whether the Poet paints the native Scene,
Or calls to trip it on the level Green:
Or leads the Wand'rer by the Moon along,
While the ſweet Chauntreſs tunes her Even-Song:
The ſerious Mind with ſudden Rapture glows;
The Gazer ſinks into ſedate Repoſe:
And each in Silence doubts, if more to praiſe
The Pow'r of *Handell*'s Notes, or *Milton*'s Lays.
One Labour yet, great Artiſt! we require;
And worthy thine, as worthy *Milton*'s Lyre;
In Sounds adapted to his Verſe to tell
How, with his Foes, the *Hebrew* Champion fell:
To all invincible in Force and Mind,
But to the fatal Fraud of Womankind.
To others point his Error, and his Doom;
And from the Temple's Ruins raiſe his Tomb.

To Mrs. ROKEBY, Junior, *At* Arthingworth.

INviſible, and unconfin'd by Place,
Your rural Haunts the Heav'n born Muſe can trace:
Where ſmiling Love attends the beautous Bride,
And the calm Hours in golden Circles glide
Remote from Tumult, Avarice and Pride.
Her airy Steps purſue where'er you rove;
Aſcend the Hill or range around the Grove:
Where thro' the ſylvan Glades her View ſhe tires,
To count the diſtant Vills and riſing Spires.
There the firſt Object that your Eyes command,
Thro' Viſtas planted by a Father's Hand,
Is the fair Proſpect of paternal Land.
For Wealth let others try the faithleſs Main;
More certain are the Labours of the Swain:
For you this Verdure ſprings, this Harveſt grows;
And theſe tall Oaks their ſpacious Arches cloſe.
Or now repoſing in the ruſtic Cell,
Or in the Bow'r of lonely *Philomel*,
Your own ſoft Voice aſſiſts the Lover's String,
And all the Woods with gay *Vertumnus* ring.
All ſhapes to pleaſe the am'rous Youth had try'd;
Till with his own the Captive Nymph comply'd:
So may thyſelf be bleſs'd; and ſo thy Grove,
Where conſcious Virtue dwells, and conſtant Love.

In

In Memory of Mrs. ELIZ. BRIDGES,
Ob. Dec. 1, 1745, *Ætat.* 88.

IF copious Wealth, enjoy'd to full Content,
Or length of Days in Peace and Honour ſpent,
Is all the anxious Heart of Man can crave,
Yet here they ceaſe; and vaniſh in the Grave:
Behold the ſacred Stone where *Bridges* lies;
But ſpare your Tears, for Virtue never dies.
The viſionary Veſtals of the Cell
In Solitude and in Oblivion dwell:
But Heav'n to her a nobler Sphere aſſign'd,
A Virgin Life, with a maternal Mind;
Nor was the Bleſſing to her Blood confin'd.
Her Heart, enlarg'd beyond a private Care,
To each Unhappy gave a gen'rous Share;
Her elevated Mind Religion ſway'd,
Its Rites ſhe reverenc'd, and its Laws obey'd;
Hence each good Work its genuine Luſtre drew,
Inſtructing Earth, and pointing Heav'n to View.
May no rude Age of Sacrilege return
To raze thy Tomb, or violate thy Urn;
But reſt in Peace, till the tremendous Call
Shall, from their ſilent Manſion, ſummon all:
When the great Maſter all Mankind repays;
And crowns the Bounteous with diſtinguiſh'd Rays.

April,

April 18, 1747.

PROUD Monuments of Art! renown'd of old
Rais'd to the Clouds above, and roof'd with Gold,
Now vaniſh'd all! as deſtin'd to expire
By hoſtile Rage, or *Ammon*'s wanton Fire:
Yet happy you! for each enjoy'd its Date;
And ſhar'd at laſt a memorable Fate.
The ſhort-liv'd Pile which Vanity cou'd raiſe
Is but coeval with the Maſter's Days.
Turn'd by the Plow, what cou'd a Foe do more!
Where ſhall we find the teſſelated Floor?
While ſome induſtrious Swain, whoſe painful Hand
With riſing Harveſt better decks the Land,
To the bewilder'd Traveller ſhall call
Here *C*——— was; or here was ———.

When

WHEN upright * *Rokeby* ſcorn'd the ſhining Pelf,
Pay'd Gold, but eat in Wood or Tin himſelf,
When † *Gaſcoigne* taught a Prince to know the Law,
And Virtue kept the Royal Rake in Awe;
When we have Precedents like theſe at Home,
Keep thy *Fabricius* and thy *Cato*, *Rome*.

* In the Time of *Edward* the IId the Governors of *Ireland* took Meat for their Men and Horſes, and extorted Money, without making any Satisfaction: But Sir *Thomas Rokeby*, who in the thirty-firſt Year of *Edward* the IIId was the ſecond Time made Juſticiary of *Ireland* ſaid, that he would eat and drink out of wooden Veſſels and pay Gold and Silver for his Meat, Cloaths, and Servants.

Cambden's *Annals of Ireland.*

† Sir *William Gaſcoigne*, Lord Chief Juſtice in the Reign of *Henry* the IVth, committed to Priſon *Henry* Prince of *Wales*, afterwards King *Henry* the Fifth, for ſtriking him on the King's Bench.

Hiſt. of Eng. *from authentic Records.*

MA-

MADEIRA.

Et quæ dempſiſtis vitæ date tempora ſamæ. OVID.

Macham, *an* Engliſhman, *whom a* French *Hiſtorian or Noveliſt ſtiles Sir* Robert, *having carried off by Sea a Lady, whoſe Name other Writers ſay he honourably concealed, but the* Frenchman *has chriſtened* Anne D'Arſet, *we may ſuppoſe he intends* D'Arcy, *was driven by Storms to the Iſland afterward from its vaſt Foreſts called* Madeira. *She died there ſoon after her Arrival, very probably of the Fatigue, and was buried by her Lover; who fixed a Table with an Inſcription, and is ſaid to have built a Chapel of Boards over her Tomb. Whether he got off with his Companions to* Barbary, *or died on the Iſland is uncertain; but as Poetry has a Right to prefer the agreeable to the probable, I have followed the* French *Author farther in Verſe than I think myſelf bound to believe him in Proſe. The whole Story is contained in few Words. The Fate of two unfortunate* Engliſh *Lovers led the* Portugueſe *to diſcover an Iſland, which we may reaſonably judge one of the Fortunate, where the Ancient placed their* Elyſium.

MADEIRA to MARIANA.

YE lofty Woods! ye Rocks of rugged Stone!
Ye falling Streams! attend a Lover's Moan!

Ye

Ye whiſp'ring Winds! your gentle Breath reſtrain;
Be dumb ye Murmurs of the circling Main!
For never Rocks, or Woods, or Streams, or Vale,
Or rolling Ocean, heard ſo ſad a Tale.
By Birth diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar Herd,
Of Anceſtors for Martial Worth preferr'd
I ſprung: To emulate their Deeds I ſtrove;
Excited much by Fame, and more by Love.
My Youth, inur'd to Arms, was ſpent in vain
For royal *Edward* on the *Gallic* Plain:
For what avails Succeſs, if Fate denies
The beauteous Bride, the ſole expected Prize?
My hated Rival, in my Abſence bold,
Had brib'd her Friends with Grandeur and with Gold;
And tho' reluctant, and by Force compell'd,
Her Vows, extorted and her Charms with-held.
O! periſh all whom Avarice can buy
To int'reſt Heav'n in ſolemn Perjury!
To feel my Wrongs too ſwiftly I return,
And with a Soldier's juſt Reſentment burn:
The baſe Ingratitude of Courts upbraid,
In Terms by Sycophants to Court convey'd.
For this diſhonour'd and for this confin'd,
Both Love and Vengeance fire the manly Mind:
But now releas'd, my Paſſion I reſtrain,
Or Love and Vengeance had alike been vain:
Nor cou'd my Heart its elder Claim reſign;
The Vows he forc'd had long before been mine:
Determin'd thus to re-aſſert her Charms,
I ſeiz'd, and bore her from my Rival's Arms.

At

At first she fainted, with a female Fear;
But soon recover'd when she saw me near:
For Love was present, and that Fear control'd;
And Women hope Protection from the Bold.
A well built Bark attended near the Shore,
Where meeting *Avon* and *Sabrina* roar:
With fav'ring Gales to waft us o'er the Main
In Hope some friendly Port of *France* to gain.
But Winds arise, Air thunders, Ocean swells:
And my sad Soul the future Woe foretells.
Heav'n was my Foe; I now behold too late
My rash Attempt, and dread impending Fate:
Yet, if I fear, I fear for her alone;
Or for the Friends my Folly had undone.
What cou'd I do to chear the lab'ring Band?
The frighted Fair had all my Soul unman'd.
Now in my Breast her faded Cheek she hides,
And mingling Tears descend in silent Tides:
In mutual Murmurs now too late I blame
My daring Rapine, she absolves my Flame,
The same our Passion, and our Fate the same.
Now Days and Nights without Distinction past,
And all was Darkness o'er the wat'ry Waste;
Till driven beyond old *Europe's* utmost Bound,
With only Skies above, and Ocean round,
The Sun burst forth; and as the Gloom dispell'd,
A low-hung Cloud at Distance we beheld:
And as the Day the wide Horizon clears,
Now to our dubious Eyes an Isle appears,
Which high to Heav'n her sylvan Summit rears.
And now, perhaps as some Enchantment leads,
Beyond our View the fancy'd Isle recedes.

The Sailors ply their wretched Lives to save:
Or Fate conducts us to a certain Grave.
And now my Mates obtain the wish'd-for Ground,
Where the steep Shore is lash'd with Sea profound:
Grove above Grove ascends in gradual Scenes,
And golden Apples glimer thro' the Greens;
There from the Rocks the gushing Torrents flow,
To wind in Mazes thro' the Vale below.
Of savage Beasts they found no direful Den;
No Cattle, Works of Art, or Steps of Men:
But, void of Fear, the Birds of sweetest Song,
And Doves re-murmur'd all the Cliffs along.
The fertile Climate and the fragrant Air
Might banish any Sadness but Despair.
The rest entranc'd the blissful Seat survey'd,
While from the Bark I bore the dear bought Maid:
Her tender Frame no longer cou'd sustain
The boist'rous Blast, and Dangers of the Main,
However Love exalts the gen'rous Mind,
Yet Woman's feeble Force must lag behind.
The Toils and Dangers of the Seas o'ercome,
An unknown World must be her only Home.
While my sad Heart was pierc'd with equal Woe
I need myself the Comfort I bestow.
What said I not her flowing Tears to stay?
Beneath a spreading Cedar as we lay.
No more thy Country to thy Thought recall;
Or former Friends: in me behold them all.
When I for thee the bold Adventure try'd
Love was my Friend, and Fortune was my Guide:
The now relenting Pow'rs that rule above,
And persecuted once, indulge our Love;

Sav'd from yon Ocean, and together thrown,
In happy Exile on a World unknown.
Short was the Triumph; for the Winds again
Drove back the ſhatter'd Pinnace to the Main:
Wide o'er the Waves ſhe vaniſh'd from our View;
With all the Fates of the remaining Crew.
But when the Maid beheld the Veſſel toſt,
Beyond our Ken, and Hope itſelf was loſt,
For ever now to Sea-girt Rocks confin'd,
Far from the ſweet Converſe of Humankind;
A while ſhe like a Statue fix'd remains,
With cold Deſpair that freezes in her Veins:
Then pale and lifeleſs in my Arms ſhe falls,
Till my known Voice her flying Soul recalls.
What Aid in Solitude cou'd I impart?
Or what the Med'cine for a wounded Heart?
Three ſleepleſs Nights, and three ſucceeding Days,
Her Head ſhe ſtrove and only ſtrove to raiſe:
But all in Silence lifts to Heav'n her Eyes;
Then turns them on me, cloſes them, and dies.
My fatal Love, by adverſe Heav'n accurſt,
Endur'd theſe Ills, and this the laſt and worſt.
Beneath the Cedars venerable Shade,
Adorn'd with native Flow'rs, the Tomb I made:
Theſe and my Tears are all I cou'd beſtow;
And add the mournful Tablet of our Woe.
Such were the humble Rites that I cou'd pay.
Fate and my Love have ſummon'd me away:
And you my Friends! Survivors of the Wave,
Unite our Aſhes in this common Grave.
If better Fortune to this ſylvan Place,
In future Times ſhall guide a Chriſtian Race,

May

May ſome kind Hand, as Piety ſhall move,
Or ſad Remembrance of diſaſtrous Love,
The rural Shrine of fragrant Timber rear;
To ſhade our long neglected Sepulchre
For various Marble let the Floor be ſpread
With the cold Reliques of the ſilent Dead.
Whoe'er ſhall touch on this Heſperian Shore,
This Ocean paſs'd and all its Dangers o'er,
When to high Heav'n your grateful Vows ariſe,
Mix with your Hymns our ſolemn Obſequies:
Then, when the Prieſt the pious Requiem ſings,
And pure Devotion mounts on Angels Wings,
Severe Religion may perhaps relent,
And drop a Tear upon the Monument.
Our Fate, remember'd on a foreign Coaſt,
Shall give to Honour what to Life was loſt.

On the Origin of the World.

LET thoſe who for their fancy'd Godhead trace,
Thro' gen'ral Nature, or unbounded Space,
With ſolid Reaſon and Diſcourſe explain
Th' unreal Idol of their heated Brain.
Whoſe Deity immers'd in Matter lies;
Refin'd and volatile thro' Space he flies:
The *Proteus* ſcorns Detection or Surprize:
The Syſtem on a vain Foundation built;
Falſe Shame, and falſer Pride, and ſinuous Guile,

Muſt weakly for a wretched Safety try;
And baniſh, or diſarm its Deity.
Fond Man! who ſcorns thoſe Principles to learn
Which Faith may teach, or Reaſon may diſcern.
Ev'n unaſſiſted Nature bids us look
On the fair Volume of her various Book,
And then inquire, if *Homer*'s lofty Page,
Ulyſſes' Toils, or ſtern *Achilles*' Rage,
The *Grecian* Triumphs, and the *Trojan* Woes,
From the Reſult of ſcatter'd Letters roſe.
If not, cou'd Chance the nobleſt Work produce
For various Beauties, and for apteſt Uſe?
Did ſhe, that we might ſee, and taſte, and hear,
Contrive the Eye, the Palate, and the Ear,
And all this vaſt Variety around,
Of Objects viſible, and Taſte and Sound?
Or were they form'd, of Thought and Purpoſe void,
By Chance at firſt, and then by Chance employ'd?
And do we to combining Atoms owe
That we exiſt, and that we act and know?
Or ſhall we ſay this univerſal Frame
For ever was, and ſhall remain the ſame?
Vain Error! by th' ambiguous *Samian* taught;
And from the fabling Prieſts of *Ægypt* brought.
For ever did eternal Planets riſe,
And ſet alternate in eternal Skies?
Or muſt a firſt determin'd Point be giv'n
From whence they ſtarted thro' the ambient
Heav'n?
That certain Point began their vaſt Career;
If not they muſt at once be ev'ry where:

As

As ſeems the whirling Brand, when it returns
In rapid Hands and in a Circle burns,
The Revolutions of their endleſs Dance,
If unbegun, nor leſſen, nor advance;
Were infinite a thouſand Years before,
A thouſand Ages hence ſhall be no more:
The part and whole muſt juſtly equal be,
Or infinites in Number diſagree.
Yet grave Antiquity may turn the Scale,
When captious Wit, and jealous Reaſon fail:
Let Annals then, and Obſervations ſhow
The Face of Heav'n and Earth ſo along go:
If Arts or Arms that ancient World cou'd boaſt,
How was their Fame in long Oblivion loſt?
Had Floods of Fire or Inſults of the Main,
Reduc'd Mankind to Savages again,
Tradition wou'd preſerve the dire Event;
Or Nature wou'd retain the Monument.
No Trace remains of any that befel,
But one; of which the ſacred Volumes tell.
The Miner wonders, as his Search explores
The Spoils of Ocean, mix'd with ſhining Ores:
Thus empty Shells on *Alpine* Hills are found,
Or wedg'd in Marble underneath the Ground;
Nor more diſtinct when on the Beach they lie,
Waſh'd by the Tide, and gaping to the Sky.
To ſum the Whole in one compendious View,
The Growth of Science proves the World but new:
And Arts and Empire firſt at *Babel* grew.
Here firſt the mighty Hunter rang'd the Plain,
Rais'd his ſtrong Walls, and fix'd his ample Reign:

Here impious Men the brick-built Turret rear,
And wiſe *Chaldæans* watch the rolling Sphere;
Here, bright in Arms embattled Troops were ſeen;
And Myriads pouring round their warlike Queen.
This *Greece* relates; but *Greece* can add no more,
Till *Ægypt* lends her inexhauſted Store.
In vain of countleſs Ages they may boaſt;
Fancy herſelf in that Abyſs is loſt:
That round of vaſt Eternity to feign,
The Year of *Plato* muſt return again.
Yet Faith aſpires to Notions more ſublime,
Diſtinguiſhing Eternity from Time:
An Attribute which he alone can claim
Who always is; and always is the ſame.
But grant the pre-exiſtent Seeds were held
In fluid Principles, and *Chaos* veil'd,
Why ever? Why not ſooner did they riſe
To form material Worlds and liquid Skies?
For yet no Planet, by his genial Pow'r,
Matur'd the Maſs, or fix'd the natal Hour.
But if the Birth from inbred Vigour came,
Aſpiring Principles, enliv'ning Flame,
Why roſe ſo late this beauteous uſeful Frame?
Why ſlept ſo long this indigeſted Maſs?
Or *Chaos* ſtill muſt be, or never was.
Then bluſh your univerſal Plan is found,
Or rarify'd to Space, or elſe in Matter drown'd.
Then own that God, whoſe Hand on all impreſs'd,
Created Matter, and with Order bleſs'd;
Omniſcient Spirit, omnipreſent Mind,
Not preſs'd by Matter, nor by Space confin'd:

Time,

Time, that to Man does in Succeſſion flow,
By him is center'd in eternal now.
Ceaſe, human Wit! for thy Attempts are vain
His infinite Duration to explain,
By bounded Notions, vaniſhing like thee,
Between what has been and what is to be.
O fooliſh Man! by cauſeleſs Doubts miſled!
By Learning blinded, and by Wit betray'd!
Whom God from nothing did ſo lately raiſe,
Is this thy Gratitude? Is this thy Praiſe?
Lay all thy jangling Sophiſters aſide,
With verbal Gloſs and wand'ring Gueſs ſupply'd:
Their Search of Truth in Falſhood does abound,
Shews rather how 'tis loſt, than how 'tis found.
Reaſon exhauſted with the long Diſpute,
And Paſſion to aſſert, or to confute,
May all their Syſtems in a Word confine,
'Tis all the Fabric of a Pow'r divine.
'Tis he the Sun with genial Flames inſpires
To lead the Dance of the celeſtial Fires;
As in proportion'd Intervals they go,
Swift in Approaches, and at Diſtance ſlow:
Or in a leſs, or in a wider Space,
As his attractive Force directs their Race.
'Tis he compels them in their Orbs to keep;
Tho' ſuch an Influence turns their ample Sweep!
Then to the Book return, whence we receive
All we are bound to practiſe or believe:
Nor is the Book of Nature wrote more fair
Than is her Origin recorded There.
What Muſe but the celeſtial cou'd indite
The vaſt and void Obſcure? The Birth of Light?

Creative Spirit o'er the Waters hung?
Such were the Truths the raptur'd Shepherd ſung,
Greater at *Horebs* blazing Foot, alone,
Than in the Proſpect of the *Memphian* Throne.
Of ſceptic Sophiſtry thy Mind diveſt;
And heav'nly Truth ſhall beam upon thy Breaſt:
But not with ſuch do theſe Inquiry ſute,
Whoſe Wit is doubting, Science to diſpute.
God, rob'd in Pow'r, rebellious Pride o'erthrows,
But on the humble Heart his Grace beſtows.

On the Proſpect from WESTMINSTER Bridge, *March* 1750.

CÆSAR! renown'd in Silence as in War,
Look down a while from thy maternal Star:
See! to the Skies what ſacred Domes aſcend,
What ample Arches o'er the River bend;
What Vills above in rural Proſpect lye,
Beneath a Street that intercepts the Eye,
Where happy Commerce glads the wealthy Streams,
And floating Caſtles ride. Is this the *Thames?*
The Scene where brave *Caſſibelan* of Yore
Repuls'd thy Legions on a ſavage Shore?
Britain 'tis true was hard to overcome,
Or by the Arms, or by the Arts of *Rome*,
Yet we allow thee Ruler of the Sphere;
And laſt of all reſign thy *Julian* Year.

Now

NOW Night her higheſt Noon aſcends,
And o'er the Globe her Shades extends;
While all her ſhining Lamps of Light,
The Soul to ſolemn Thought invite.
How were they made? by whom? or when?
And whence aroſe the Race of Men?
From ancient Chaos did they come?
Muſt Chaos be again their Tomb?
Who lighted up the vital Fire?
Whither again ſhall that retire?
On that important Queſtion pauſe:
And learn that Nature had a Cauſe,
From whom the whole Creation ſprings;
The Cauſe of Cauſes and of Things.
The Maſs in fun'ral Flames ſhall burn;
And riſe a Phœnix from its Urn.
But, muſt the Soul, uncloth'd and cold,
Appear, her Maker to behold?
Or ſhall the gaping Grave reſtore,
The Robe of Fleſh which once ſhe wore?
O who ſhall paint her Shame and Fear?
Think, O my Soul! thou muſt be there;
And wiſh, too late, to lay aſide
Thy Paſſions veil'd beneath thy Pride.
O God! if e'er my heedleſs Youth
Deny'd, or doubted of thy Truth,
If unrelenting or unjuſt
I ſpurn'd the Poor, or wrong'd my Truſt,

For Hope I never ſhou'd preſume;
But ſhrink to hide me in the Tomb:
Or to the Rocks and Mountains call
To whelm me in their gen'ral Fall.
Alas! the Frailties, which are mine,
I only can with Life reſign:
When my chill Blood forgets to roll;
And Death benumbs my Senſe and Soul.
Theſe I commit to thee alone,
Thou public Victim to atone,
And judge triumphant on thy Throne.

ADIEU my Friend! and may thy Woes
Be all in long Oblivion loſt:
If Innocence can give Repoſe;
Or gentle Verſe can pleaſe thy Ghoſt.

No pious Rite, no ſolemn Knell
Attended thy belov'd Remains:
Nor ſhall the letter'd Marble tell
What ſilent Earth the Charge contains.

Obſcure, beneath the nameleſs Stone,
With thee ſhall Truth and Virtue ſleep:
While, with her Lamp, the Muſe alone,
Shall watch thy ſacred Duſt and weep.

Blue

Blue Violets, and Snow-Drops pale,
In pearly Dew for thee ſhall mourn;
And humble Lillies of the Vale
Shall cover thy neglected Urn.

A SONG.

BE ſtill ye Winds! let ev'ry Breath,
Let ev'ry Whiſper ceaſe:
As in the quiet Cave of Death,
Thou babling Eccho! Peace!

Ye Streams without a Murmur glide;
To nouriſh deep Deſpair:
No trembling Oſiers by your Side,
Diſturb the Midnight Air.

Ye conſcious Stars, that roll above,
To fix our Fate below;
In ſolemn Silence as you move
Be Witneſs to my Woe:

Be Witneſs to the Vows I made
The Tears I ſtill muſt pay;
While, like a melancholy Shade,
I ſhun the Face of Day.

SUSANNA:

OR

INNOCENCE PRESERV'D.

Musical Drama.

TWO ELDERS.
SUSANNA.
Her Servants.
DANIEL.
ISRAELITES *and Captive Women.*
CHELCIAS.
JOACHIM.

In *Babylon.*

FIRST PART.

First ELDER.

TYRANT of Youth! how oft we blame
Thy rash, ungovernable Flame?
Tho' not the Snows of hoary Age,
Can thy devouring Fire assuage,

Second

Second ELDER.

An aweful Air, and learned Pride,
From public Eyes our Frailties hide:
And, while the Paſſions lurk within,
Afford a ſpecious Veil to Sin.
But what Diſcov'ry need I fear?

Firſt ELDER.

Then have I met a Rival here?

Second ELDER.

What in theſe Shades does thee detain?

Firſt ELDER.

Of what, my Friend, doſt thou complain?

DUO.

Our common Guilt, our common Pain.

Firſt ELDER.

Wiſdom! Virtue! Duty!
I confeſs your Sway:
What are you, when Beauty
Forces to obey?
While I gaze upon her
Phantoms all of Honour
Vaniſh quite away.

Second ELDER.

See! to the gloomy Grove ſhe goes,
To ſhun the fierce Meridian Beams:
Ye Zephyrs! lull her to Repoſe;
And tell my Paſſion to her Dreams.

SUSANNA.

The Croud and Senators are gone:
Securely I may bathe alone:
No Eye beneath, around, above,
Can pierce the Shades of this Alcove;

The

The Spring is clear, and Undefil'd;
And fann'd with Breezes breathing mild.

AIR.

Bring, ye Virgins! bring,
Liquid Sweets and fragrant Oil;
What the lavish Spring
Scatters on this happy Soil:
What Nature breathes, or Art compoſes,
From Nard, or Jeſſamin or Roſes.

MAIDS.

What can be ſo fair and ſweet
As when Love and Virtue meet,
Thus to bleſs, the wedded Pair?
He ſo faithful, ſhe ſo fair.

SUSANNA *ſola.*

But O! ye Eaſtern Waters! as you flow,
Remember that our Country claims our Woe:
That neither Voice nor Lyre we can command,
Sighs check the Voice and Sorrow chills the Hand.

Firſt ELDER.

Whither doſt thou hope to fly?
Love has a more piercing Eye.

Second ELDER.

Whither doſt thou hope to run?
Love has Flames thou canſt not ſhun.

SUSANNA.

Ah me! what ruſtles thro' the Grove?

Firſt ELDER.

No Tiger fear ——

Second ELDER.

'Tis only Love.

DUO.

DUO.

No Tiger fear——
'Tis only Love.

SUSANNA.

Ah me! what Rustles thro' the Grove.

First ELDER.

See! how your Beauty can enslave
The Learned, the Severe and Graved:
How Wisdom, Honor, Justice, Fame,
Submit to the victorious Flame.

Second ELDER.

If rev'rend Age be counted wise,
Let Youth attend what we advise:
Nor vainly lose thy lovely Prime;
For Wisdom is but Use of Time.

SUSANNA.

Strange are the Words, unheard before:
O cease! that I may hear no more.

AIR.

To *Joachim* my Vows are giv'n;
Be Witness Earth! and Witness Heav'n!
Can ever Earth or Heav'n allow,
That I should break the sacred Vow?

TRIO.

First ELDER.

Who can our secret Love descry?

Second ELDER.

Who to reveal the Tale is nigh?

SUSANNA.

But Witness Heav'ns all-piercing Eye.

AIR.

AIR.

SUSANNA.

Or send thy Succour from above,
Or inward Force inspire, *S.*
To guard me from forbidden Love;
Or quench their guilty Fire. *D. C.*

First ELDER.

Love ill repay'd to Vengeance turns:

Second ELDER.

Vengeance than Love more fiercely burns.

DUO.

Vengeance than Love ——

First ELDER.

Then Love or Death.

Second ELDER.

Then Love or ——

SUSANNA.

Be Death my Choice.

First ELDER.

And Death of Fame by publick Voice.

DUO.

And Death of Fame ——

AIR.

SUSANNA.

In Heighth of Bliss and Bloom of Youth,
How hard it is to die!
To violate my plighted Truth
Is harder to comply.
Tho' to the Rage of impious Love
I fall a Sacrifice,
Yet know there is a Pow'r above,
Beholds with equal Eyes.

Firſt ELDER.

Stop, ſeize, purſue——

Servants Entering.

What means the Call?

Second ELDER.

The Youth has overleap'd the Wall.

Servants.

What Youth?

Firſt ELDER.

Alas! in that Surprize
With her ——

Second ELDER.

Cou'd we believe our Eyes!
He mocks our feeble Age, and flies;

Firſt ELDER.

We ſought to hold, but he, more young,
Eſcap'd, and o'er the Fences ſprung:
His Perſon was to us unknown;
Nor wou'd ſhe tell when he was gone.

Servants.

Incredible! did ever Fame,
Or ev'n Suſpicion touch her Name?

Second ELDER.

Our Age ſuch Credit may obtain:
Our Teſtimony is not vain.
And ſince our Victor does permit
We in Judicature ſhould ſit,
To *Joachim*'s Abode repair:
Let all the Senators be there.

Firſt ELDER.

Beauty may to Pity move;
Pity be the Bait of Love:

Juſtice

Juſtice, aweful and ſevere,
Veils her Eyes and ſhuts her Ear;
Scorns the Bribe, and ſlights the Tear.

SUSANNA.

In Heav'n alone, in Heav'n I truſt:
Tho' Man be impious and unjuſt.

AIR.

Adieu ye Glades! ye Springs adieu!
Did ever I commit to you
A ſingle Thought that ſhun'd the View?
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

SECOND PART.

DANIEL.

O! whither is the Glory gone
Of *Sion*, once renown'd?
Our holy Place, and *David*'s Throne,
Are levell'd with the Ground.
Alas! the ſlow revolving Year
Muſt circle ſeventy Times,
While we remain in Bondage here,
To languiſh for our Crimes.

RECITATIVE.

Nor is it all: Alas! our own
Exceed the Sins of *Babylon*:
Vice reigns thro' our abandon'd Tribes;
Ambition, Avarice, and Bribes.

Whence

Whence do I hear that furious Cry?

ISRAEL.

It is *Susanna*, led to dye.

DANIEL.

Susanna, of our royal Race?
Susanna, doom'd to this Disgrace?
Susanna, beautiful and chaste?

ISRAEL.

Blessings, alas! but not to last.

SUSANNA. *Single.*

O Pow'r Divine! to thee I call!
Behold! in Innocence I fall.

AIR.

What was, and is, and is to be,
Alike are visible to thee;
Tho' in Obscurity they lye:
And tho' by Perjuries I dye,
Yet I am spotless in thine Eye.

Captive Women.

What alas! shall Woman trust?
Youth and Beauty are but Dust;
If to noble Blood ally'd,
All is transitory Pride.
Honour, and a spotless Name,
Bubbles of uncertain Fame:
All to vanish with a Breath.
What is all this Scene beneath?

First ELDER.

See! how the Beauty, false and frail,
Unmerited their Pity draws!

Second ELDER.

Shall her dissembling Tears avail
Against the Justice of our Laws?

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

CHELCIAS.

O this did ever I preſage?
Is this the Comfort of my Age?
Thy pious Youth! thy modeſt Bloom!
Unjuſt and impious is the Doom,
That ſinks me to the ſilent Tomb.

JOACHIN.

O! cou'd my faithful Heart deceive?
Or that fair Form my Truſt betray?
O! no! I never can believe——
Together either ſave, or ſlay.

AIR.

SUSANNA.

Thus the Falcon from above,
Shoots upon the tender Dove;
While hid in Silence lies
Her gentle Mate,
To mourn her Fate,
She trembles, bleeds and dies.

DANIEL.

Witneſs my Hands, that you remain
Untainted with the purple Stain,
When helpleſs Innocence is ſlain.

D. C. 1ſt and 2d Lines.

Firſt ELDER.

Where is the Youth, who raſh and bold
Uſurps the Honours of the Old?

Second ELDER.

If that thou haſt receiv'd from Heav'n,
Authority, to the Ancients giv'n;

DA-

DANIEL.

The Gifts of Heav'n are not confin'd,
An upright Heart, a ſearching Mind,
To young or old, or great or ſmall:
If Heav'n the Breaſt of you inſpires
Or Paſſion lead the hoary Sires,
Shall ſoon be viſible to all.

Firſt ELDER.

Aſcend the Tribune, and from thence
Thy Wiſdom to the Croud diſpenſe.

DANIEL.

Then ſet the Witneſſes aſide:
Aſunder; till the Cauſe be try'd.

Solemn Symphony.

And thou! alone ſupremely wiſe!
Unalterably juſt and true!
Aſſiſt me, thro' the dark Diſguiſe
Of Falſhood; to direct my View:
And all her Mazes to purſue.

Muſic again *Piano.*

SUSANNA.

O Pow'r divine! attend and hear!
My Tongue is ty'd by Shame and Fear:
But when the Innocent bemoan,

Pianiſſ'.

Ev'n Silence whiſpers at thy Throne.

DANIEL *to Firſt* ELDER.

O thou! whoſe hoary Age can rove,
Loſt in the Wilds of guilty Love!
Now heav'nly Vengeance brings to Light,
Thy Crimes; too cloſe for human Sight:

For

For thou hast clear'd exalted Guilt,
And Blood of Innocence hast spilt.
Yet tell me, if thou hast beheld,
What Tree the lawless Love conceal'd?

First ELDER.

Beneath a dropping Mastick, there
We surpriz'd the guilty Pair.

DANIEL.

'Tis well! thy Head shall bear the Lye:
O false and fraudulent, in vain:
The Angel of the Lord stands by;
Ordain'd to sever thee in twain.

To Second ELDER.

O thou of *Canaan*'s impious Race!
For *Juda* scorns a Son so base;
Since Beauty can thy Judgment blind,
And Passion over-rule thy Mind.
O'er *Israel*'s Daughters aw'd by Fear
Your easy Victories you gain'd.
Which she of *Juda* scorn'd to bear;
And all your Artifice disdain'd.
Yet tell me, if thou hast beheld,
What Tree the lawless Love conceal'd?

Second ELDER.

A stately Holm above them spread
The Shelter of his ample Head.

DANIEL.

O Force of Truth! that uncontroll'd
Confutes the Wise, and daunts the Bold!
How little shall thy specious Tale
To murther Innocence avail?

AIR.

AIR.

Thy Sentence by thyself is giv'n!
Look up and tremble with Despair!
Behold the Minister of Heav'n!
He wheels the fiery Sword in Air;
And waits to sever them in twain.
Ye both are destin'd to be slain.

ISRAEL.

O! bear them, bear them to their Fate,
As to another they design'd:

Second ISRAEL.

That impious Love, and guileful Hate,
An equal Recompense may find.

First ELDER.

Conscious Anguish, guilty Shame,
Pierce my Heart, and brand my Name.

Second ELDER.

Hide me, Earth! that I may lye,
Safe from Scorn and Infamy.

DUO.

But unreveng'd is twice to dye.

CHALCIAS.

O *Daniel!* just is thy Decree,
The Voice of Heav'n decides in thee:

To SUSANNA.

Thine is the Praise of Virtue try'd,

To JOACH.

And thine the Bliss of such a Bride.
The Crown of hoary Age is mine:
The Glory to the Pow'r Divine!
Present Joy for Sorrow past,
Heightens the delicious Taste.

AIR. JOACHIM.

Rumor baſe, and canker'd Spight,
Hence to everlaſting Night;
  There in ſolid Fetters bound,
Fetters which in vain you bite,
  Murmur thro' the dark Profound.

SUSANNA.

I tremble, like the frighted Deer,
That juſt eſcapes the Tiger near.

AIR.

But, O! to him the Praiſe is due,
Who vindicates the Chaſte and True:
  The Triumph is not mine.
For who the Victory cou'd win
Unleſs ſupported from within
  By Fortitude divine? *D. C.*

Grand CHORUS.

Show'r thy Bleſſings from above,
Author of connubial Love!
On the Hearts by thee combin'd;
Sacred Harmony of Mind!
Show'r thy Bleſſings from above,
Author of connubial Love!

D. D. D.

THIS Off'ring, Lord! I to thy Altar bring,
Now Sorrow has untun'd my Voice to sing:
Yet thus I sung, when thy auspicious Praise
Inspir'd my humble Muse in better Days.
But what is Life? while Youth is fresh and strong
Unfelt it bears the destin'd Load along:
Advancing onwards to maturer Years,
The Path, alas! is thro' the Vale of Tears.
The Harvest blasted what have I to give?
This Sheaf, the Tribute of the Field, receive.

1732.

PSALM I.

I.

HAPPY the Man who never strays
In vain Consult thro' guilty Ways:
Nor does in Paths of Sinners wait,
Nor rests in their licentious Seat.

II.

The Law divine does him employ,
With constant Diligence and Joy:

This Taſk prevents the dawning Light,
And fills the Vigils of the Night.

III.

So ſhall he live, ſo flouriſh ſtill,
As faſt beſide the ſilver Rill,
The Tree, with Fruit maturely hung,
For ever green, for ever young.

IV.

But far unlike are the Profane;
As parted from the ſolid Grain.
Beneath the Van, when Winds ariſe
The Chaff in whirling Eddies flies.

V.

Nor ſhall the Impious dare to ſtand
Before the Seat of high Command:
Nor ſhall they undiſcern'd remain,
Tho' herded with the righteous Train.

VI.

The Lord obſerves, with ſtrict Survey,
How pious Men direct their Way:
The Paths in which the Wicked tread
To Certainty of Ruin lead.

PSALM

PSALM III.

WHAT Numbers, Lord! increaſe the Swarms
Which vex me with their Rage?
What Numbers in rebellious Arms
Againſt my Peace engage?
How many of my Soul have ſaid,
Nor him his Deity can aid?

'Tis thou art my Protector Lord!
The Subject of my Praiſe:
'Tis thou that doſt thy Help afford,
My Head aloft to raiſe.
To God I my Complaint preferr'd,
And from his Holy Hill he heard.

Upon my Couch I lay'd me down,
Securely to repoſe:
Supported by the Lord alone;
Again from Sleep I roſe.
No Terror ſhall my Heart confound,
Not tho' ten thouſand hem me round.

Rouze thee, O Lord! aſſert my Cauſe,
O God in my Defence:
Thou of my Foes haſt ſmote the Jaws
And daſh'd their Teeth from thence.
Salvation does to thee belong;
'Tis thine to bleſs thy pious Throng.

PSALM XXIX.

YE Kings and Heroes! whoſe imperial Sway
The Subject Nations of the World obey:
Select the Leaders of the Flock with Care,
Whoſe budding Horns imagin'd Fights prepare;
To God's Abode the deſtin'd Victims bring,
And own the Lord, of Majeſty the Spring.
With Rev'rence pure his ſacred Name adore;
The Author of your delegated Pow'r:
For Strength deriv'd from him your Homage own;
And proſtrate fall before his awful Throne.
His Sov'reign Voice reſtrains the ſwelling Floods;
He rolls his Thunder thro' the ſable Clouds:
His Pow'r to Bounds confines the raging Sea;
And Nature's Laws his dreaded Voice obey.
His awful Voice commands; and all around
The ſtately Cedars tremble at the Sound:
From ſnow-crown'd *Libanus* the Cedars torn,
Their rifted Bole and ſhatter'd Branches mourn.
Not Woods alone, but ſolid Mountains ſhake;
Like Calves which Herdſmen from their Mothers take:
Tall *Libanus* inclines, and *Hermon* moves,
As the young Unicorn his Fury proves.
Th' Almighty ſpeaks, the parted Clouds give way,
And thro' the Breach the ruddy Lightnings play:

The

The deſert Region, and the wild Abode
Of *Cadeſh*, tremble at the Voice of God.
The Foreſt ſhakes, and forc'd by ſudden Throes
The frighted Hinds their helpleſs Fawns depoſe.
The Coverts ſhine, detected by the Blaze,
And God's high Temple ecchoes with his Praiſe.
The Lord, for ever King, tho' Tempeſts rave,
Enthron'd reſides above the roaring Wave.
Be thou in War thy People's dread Defence;
In Peace the Bleſſings of calm Peace diſpenſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

NOR e'er let Sinners, in Succeſs elate,
Diſturb thy Soul, or impious Doubts create:
Nor e'er at proſp'rous Guilt in Thought repine,
To wiſh the tranſitory Grandeur thine.
Shorn as the Graſs ſhall fall their faded Pride:
Like ſickly Plants, in ſultry Summer dry'd.
Rely on God; employ thyſelf in Good:
Inhabit Earth, and reſt ſecure of Food.
In him be thy Delight, who ſhall impart
Thy Wiſh complete to gratify thy Heart:
Thy Conduct to the Deity commend;
And truſt on him to give a proſp'rous End.
He ſhall thy queſtion'd Innocence diſplay,
As from the Cloud breaks forth th' emergent Ray:
And thy Integrity ſhall then be ſhown,
Bright as the Sun on his Meridian Throne.

Then perſevere; and to the Lord reſign'd
Attend his Will, with Conſtancy of Mind:
Nor envy him who in his Way proceeds
To ripen dark Deſign to guilty Deeds.
From Ire and Indignation clear thy Breaſt;
Habitual Diſcontent will Sin ſuggeſt.
For from the Root ſhall periſh the Profane:
The Patient ſhall the Heritage obtain.
The Impious, Mark! how in a Moment's Space
He vaniſhes away! his former Place
Nor curious Eye, nor ſearching Thought can trace.
But by the Mild the Land ſhall be poſſeſs'd,
In Affluence, Peace, and Plenitude of Reſt.
The Godleſs Wretch againſt the Man upright
Conſults; and grinds his horrid Teeth for Spight:
Him ſhall the Lord deride; in whoſe Survey
Are ſeen the near Approaches of his Day.
His Sword the Wicked draws, he bends his Bow,
To ſlay the Juſt, and lay th' Unhappy low:
The fatal Sword ſhall pierce the Maſter's Heart,
And the perfidious Bow to Shivers ſtart.
The Competence of pious Men is more
Than all the Miſer's Maſs of hoarded Ore.
While God ſupports the Juſt, diſarm'd and broke,
The Sinner's Arm ſhall diſappoint the Stroke.
He ſees the Term which yet remains behind
Of future Years to righteous Men aſſign'd:
That their Inheritance no Change ſhall know,
No Fears perplex them in the Days of Woe.
Suffic'd with Plenty, tho' penurious Dearth
And meagre Famine deſolate the Earth.

Soon ſhall the Impious periſh; O! how ſoon
The rebel Foes of Heav'us high Lord are gone;
Like Fat of Lambs which ſacred Flames conſume;
Or in the apter Semblance of their Fume.
The Wicked borrows, heedleſs of his Day,
And means to circumvert, but not repay:
While kind Compaſſion, ready to impart,
Diffuſes Wealth, and opens all the Heart.
Theſe bleſs'd by God, their fertile Glebe ſhall keep:
But thoſe his vengeful Curſe away ſhall ſweep.
He of the Good ſhall guide the Steps aright,
And ſtill obſerves his Progreſs with Delight:
Tho' he may fall, not fall'n for ever down
The Lord ſupports, and raiſes him o'erthrown.
From blooming Youth to this Decline of Age,
As long Experience ripen'd ev'ry Stage,
This Truth I ſtill atteſt, I never ſaw
The Care of Heav'n from pious Men withdraw:
Nor helpleſs Orphans of the Juſt, unfed
From unrelenting Strangers aſk their Bread.
His Charity, who does the Loan diſpenſe,
Entails on them the Guard of Providence.
Then fly from Guilt, endeavour to excel
In virtuous Deeds, and ſo for ever dwell.
For ſtill the Lord with Pleaſure ſhall reſpect
The Right; nor leave his Servants to neglect;
Them with inceſſant Goodneſs he defends:
While rooted up the Race of Sinners ends.
The Pious ſhall the wealthy Soil divide
In Heritage; and ever there reſide.
The Mouth of righteous Men maintains the Cauſe
Of ſacred Prudence, and impartial Laws:

Firm in their Hearts the Lord's Decrees abide,
Nor ever fears their ſteady Foot to ſlide.
The Wicked waits, and ſeeks the Juſt to ſlay:
The Lord ſhall not reſign the deſtin'd Prey
To cruel Hands; nor when he ſhall appear
At his Tribunal, paſs a Doom ſevere.
Then truſt on him, and tread his Paths with Care;
And he ſhall raiſe thee his Domain to ſhare:
When on his Foes his vengeful Wrath ſhall fall,
Thyſelf ſhall ſee the Ruin of them all.
I oft myſelf the impious Man have ſeen
In Heighth of Pow'r with an exalted Mien;
So the fair Laurel ſpreads her hardy Green:
He paſs'd away, behold! and was no more;
Nor cou'd my Eye his vaniſh'd Place explore.
But mark the perfect Man; and fix thy Sight
Intent on him who well obſerves the Right:
How gently he from human Toil ſhall ceaſe;
Compos'd and wrap'd in everlaſting Peace.
But the Tranſgreſſors, as in Guilt combin'd,
Together ſhall a like Deſtruction find:
At once they end. But God in Days of Woe
Does Strength and Succour on the Juſt beſtow:
Thou, Lord! ſhalt aid, relieve, and ſet them free
From lawleſs Man; for they confide in thee.

PSALM XLIII.

I.

O God! deliver me from Wrong;
Defend me from an impious Throng:

From

From ſecret Guile and open Strife
Relieve my Fears, and free my Life.

II.

O God! from whom my Strength is giv'n,
Why from thy Preſence am I driv'n?
Why rove I thus, of Joy bereft,
And to my Foes defenceleſs left?

III.

Of heav'nly Light impart a Ray;
Let Truth divine direct my Way;
And to the favour'd Mountain guide,
Which thy Abode has ſanctify'd.

IV.

To God I then my Steps will bend;
His holy Altar to attend:
The God who does my Joys inſpire;
The God to whom I tune my Lyre.

V.

Why droops my Soul with Sorrow fraught,
And dire Inquietude of Thought?
That dire Inquietude reſign,
Deliver'd to the Pow'r divine.

VI.

To him I yet my Voice will raiſe,
In pious Melody of Praiſe;
To him who does my Cheeks renew
With florid Health and roſeate Hue.

PSALM XLV.

FROM my full Heart bursts forth the bubling Stream;
The youthful Monarch is my darling Theme
Of sacred Verse: my Tongue, the ready Style
Of the swift Scribe, pursues the chearful Toil.
O thou in Beauty and majestic Grace
Above the Progeny of human Race!
Upon thy Lips soft Elocution flows;
Such endless Blessings God on thee bestows.
Thou, great in Arms! with military Pride,
Suspend the blazing Falchion at thy Side:
With prosp'rous Omens ride in princely State;
Truth, Mercy, Justice, in thy Train shall wait.
Thy right Hand, with inevitable Art,
Swift from the Bow shall send the piercing Dart
Against thy Foes, and fix it in their Heart.
Subdu'd and vanquish'd then the Nations all
With prostrate Homage shall before thee fall.
Thy Throne, O God! for ever shall remain;
And righteous is the Sceptre of thy Reign.
The Love of Equity delights thy Breast;
And dire Injustice all thy Thoughts detest:
For this has God, thy God himself has shed
The chearful Fragrance on thy honour'd Head
Superior to thy Peers. From thy Attire
The Tears of Myrrh with balmy Breath respire;
The aromatic Wood unfolds its Sweets,
And the rich Odour of the Cassia meets:

In

In iv'ry Domes the measur'd Spices lay,
To swell thy Joys on this triumphal Day.
The royal Maids attend, an honour'd Band:
And on thy right behold thy Comfort stand;
Her fair Cymarrin rich Materials vyes,
Weighty with Gold, and gay with various Dyes.
To this Advice a willing Ear impart;
Let this, my Daughter! ease thy pensive Heart:
Forget the Pleasures of thy native Earth,
Forget the royal Authors of thy Birth;
So shall thy Beauty with thy Bliss improve,
The dearest Object of the Monarch's Love.
To him thy Lord, submissive Honour pay,
While at thy Feet *Phœnicia*'s Daughters lay
The Wealth of *Tyrus*' tributary Shore;
And suppliant Strangers shall thy Grace implore.
Tho' cloath'd in radiant Metal shines the Queen,
Her noblest Charms are of the Mind unseen.
Upon her Robe the artful Needle pours
A gay Profusion of embroider'd Flow'rs;
With solemn Pompher fair Companions bring
The bright imperial Virgin to the King;
With Sounds of universal Joy they come
To the high Portals of the royal Dome.
Thy absent Sire thy Children shall repay;
And thro' the World extend their princely Sway;
My Song, the Sponsion of eternal Fame,
To future Age shall celebrate thy Name;
To thee the joyful Populace shall raise,
Their loud Acclaim, and echo to thy Praise.

PSALM XLIX.

YE Sons of Humankind attend me all!
Ye Habitants of this sublunar Ball;
The Rich, the Poor, the Mean, the Nobly born,
Observe me well, nor my Instruction scorn.
My Lips discursive Science shall impart,
And all on Prudence meditate my Heart:
To mystic Truth in Allegory told
I bend my Ear, and to the Harp unfold.
In adverse Times what Fear have I to feel,
Tho' then my Guilt shou'd press my flying Heel?
Tho' some in boasted Heaps of Wealth confide,
And by their Treasures fortify their Pride,
No Bribe prevails with Heav'n; nor can it save
A ransom'd Brother from the gaping Grave:
For Heav'n-born Souls so poor a Price transcend,
As human Wealth; and let their Labour end.
If Life cou'd last for Ages long to come,
Yet hope not vainly to escape the Tomb.
Behold, a mournful Scene, before your Eyes
The frequent Fun'rals of the Grave and Wise;
How they, like Fools and Idiots are no more;
And leave to thankless Heirs their hoarded Store.
Yet still with empty Hopes their Toils engage,
In Buildings to remain from Age to Age;
Such as transmitted thro' a long Descent
May bear their Name, and be their Monument.

Yet

Yet Pow'r and Titles to their Period haſte,
'Tis not the Privilege of Man to laſt:
Too well with thoughtleſs Brutes may he compare,
Whoſe fleeting Spirit vaniſhes in Air.
A ſtupid Courſe! yet, in the beaten Way,
Their ſenſeleſs Race approves of all they ſay.
Like Sheep to Slaughter they reſign to Doom,
Their lifeleſs Limbs are bedded in the Tomb;
To Death's inſatiate Teeth a pleaſing Prey:
But when the Morning ſhall awake the Day,
The Juſt ſhall over them obtain the Sway.
In that Abode ſhall waſte their lovely Bloom,
For ever baniſh'd from their former Home.
But God my ranſom'd Spirit ſhall retrieve
From that dire Cave; for me ſhall he receive.
Then fear not Man; not tho' his Treaſure ſwells
To vaſt Exceſs, and he in Splendor dwells:
Nor ſhall he bear, when he reſigns his Breath,
His uſeleſs Riches to the Shades beneath;
Nor ſhall the pompous Enſigns, which attend
His Rites of Fun'ral, after him deſcend.
Yet while this vital Air the Mortal draws,
His own Felicity, the World's Applauſe,
He deems inſeparable, to commend
The Man to Int'reſt and himſelf a Friend.
The darkling Paths his Fathers trod before
Himſelf ſhall trace, and ſee the Sun no more.
The Man who does the Pinnacle attain,
If there the Diſtance turn his giddy Brain,
Too well with thoughtleſs Brutes may he compare,
Whoſe fleeting Spirit vaniſhes in Air.

PSALM

PSALM L.

THUS spoke the Sov'reign Lord, his Mandate run
To summon all the World, from whence begun
His Course, to where descends the setting Sun.
From *Sion* God in matchless Glory shone:
Nor shall in Silence lead his Triumph on:
A Stream of rapid Flame before devours,
He wraps himself in Storms and sable Show'rs.
On Heav'n above, and our inferior Ball,
He for his People shall to Judgment call:
Summon my Saints who have a Contract made
With me, by Victims on my Altar lay'd.
The very Heav'n his Justice shall avert:
For God himself is now the Arbiter.
Hear, O my People! while I speak, while I
Myself against thee, *Israel!* testify:
For I am God, myself thy Deity.
Nor thy neglected Sacrifice I claim,
Nor Holocausts to feed the constant Flame:
No Bullock from thy Stalls, nor from thy Cotes
Demand I now the Leaders of thy Goats.
For mine is ev'ry Beast of ev'ry Kind
To sylvan Lairs or Forest-Walls confin'd:
And mine are all the Herds whose Number fills
The spacious Pastures of a thousand Hills.
The Fowls are mine upon the Mountain Brow,
And mine the Savages in Fields below.

Did

Did Hunger urge, to thee shou'd I complain,
When Earth is mine, and all its Stores contain?
Or shall the Flesh of Beeves be my Repaste?
Or shall the Blood of Goats delight my Taste?
On God the Tribute of thy Thanks bestow;
And to the Pow'r most high perform thy Vow:
Then call on me, when Trouble clouds thy Days;
And find my Aid, and render me thy Praise.
Then to the Impious thus: Hadst thou a Cause
To name my Covenant, or preach my Laws?
Who still averse to Discipline, behind
Hast scatter'd my Instruction to the Wind.
Thou, who with full Consent and conscious Eyes,
Hast shar'd the Robber's and Adult'rer's Prize!
Thy Mouth promotes Impiety and Guile
There dost thou fit thy Brother to revile;
Thy very Brother of thy Mother's Birth
Is by thy Calumnies expos'd to Scorn.
Such were thy Deeds, which I in Silence view'd:
And thence did thy relentless Heart conclude
That unconcern'd I to thy Crimes agree;
And by itself presum'd to judge of me.
But to reprove thee, now thy Deeds shall rise,
And open all their Horrors to thy Eyes.
O! turn your Thoughts, and all on this reflect,
Too prone your great Creator to neglect!
E'er yet he comes to rend the trembling Prey,
When all Assistance shall be far away.
'Tis he the noblest Adoration pays
Who offers up the Sacrifice of Praise:
And for the Man who guides his Actions right,
The saving Pow'r of God shall bless his Sight.

PSALM

PSALM LVIII.

SAY, O ye Senators! do you purſue
Untainted Probity in ev'ry View?
Ye Sons of Men! do all your Votes unite
To guard the Sentence of impartial Right?
Alas! within your Heart Injuſtice lyes,
And governs there, ſecure in her Diſguiſe:
While that unequal Balance in your Hand
Diſtributes Violence thro' all the Land.
The Impious, tho' but late produc'd to Day,
Divert from Good: but newly born they ſtray
With early Steps; their infant Voice they try,
And their firſt Accents iſſue in a Lye.
Swol'n with the Bane, their livid Veins partake
The noxious Venom of the turgid Snake:
They, like the ſullen Aſp, refuſe to hear;
Who folds the winding Mazes of her Ear,
Nor liſtens to the Voice whoſe Skill excells
In magic Harmony and potent Spells.
Diſarm their Mouths, O God! and ſcatter far
The dreadful Weapons of the Lion's War,
Broke from their Jaws. So let them roll away
As ebbing Waters haſten to the Sea,
Together when the circling Points they bring
Of the tough Horn; the ſhining Shaft to wing,
Snap the ſtrong Bow, and burſt the ſounding String.
So let them waſte, as Snails diſſolve in Slime:
As Births which immature prevent their Time,

Nor

Nor ſee the golden Sun. Ere yet the Blaze
Of crackling Thorns can heat the brazen Vaſe,
Theſe, doom'd to heav'nly Wrath a living Prey,
Enwrap'd in Whirlwinds he ſhall bear away.
The pious Man, reflecting on the Sight,
Which fills his Boſom with ſevere Delight,
Obſerves celeſtial Vengeance now complete;
And in the Blood of Sinners bathes his Feet.
Mankind ſhall then pronounce: aſſur'd we truſt
That Retribution ſhall attend the Juſt:
No Doubt remains, that God, the Lord of all
Diſpenſes Juſtice thro' this earthly Ball.

PSALM LXV.

FROM thee, O God! begins the ſacred Song:
On thee, O God! attends the pious Throng
In *Sion*'s Courts; the grateful Vow to pay,
And deſtin'd Victims on thy Flames to lay.
To thee, whoſe Ear receives the Voice of Pray'r,
Shall all of animated Earth repair.
My num'rous Crimes ſad Prevalence obtain:
But thine it is to purge the guilty Stain.
How happy he, diſtinguiſh'd by thy Choice,
To near Attendance ſummon'd by thy Voice,
Who in thy Courts for ever ſhall remain,
And taſte the bounteous Bleſſings of thy Fane.
Thou, by terrific Deeds in Juſtice wrought,
Shalt give the Anſwer which our Vows have ſought:
O ſav-

O ſaving Deity! who doſt maintain
The Hopes of all on Earth's extended Plain,
And all who wander on the ſpacious Main.
His Strength the Rocks has rooted to the Ground:
And Pow'r with myſtic Cincture girds him round.
His Will the roaring Ocean can aſſuage;
Or curb a frantic Nation's wilder Rage.
Thy Signals, with tremendous Dread, controll
The limitary Circles of the Pole:
The various Climates where the Sun diſplays
His early Beam, or hides his ſetting Rays,
Reſound a joyful Eccho to thy Praiſe.
If thou to our inferior Region come,
The gentle Show'r reſtores its vernal Bloom;
The Stream divine a rich Profuſion yields,
And with a golden Harveſt glads the Fields.
The genial Moiſture chears the furrow'd Plain,
The Ridge ſubſides, and ſoftens with the Rain.
Thus bleſs'd by thee does infant Spring appear;
And thy Indulgence crowns the future Year,
While, from beneath thy Steps, the Clouds around
With fragrant Dews enrich the fertile Ground.
Ev'n on the deſert Waſte the Drops diſtill;
And grateful Mirth reſounds from ev'ry Hill.
The ſilver Flocks the Paſture Lands adorn,
The Vallies glitter with the waving Corn,
And o'er the ſmiling Fields the vocal Joys are born.

PSALM

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God arise, while all in dire Dismay,
His impious Foes shall fly, dispers'd away;
So let them fly before a routed Host,
As curling Smoak in fluid Air is lost:
As pliant Wax is liquify'd by Fire,
So let the Guilty waste in God's avenging Ire.
Ye pious Votaries! let grateful Joy
Dilate your Breast, and all your Pow'rs employ:
Attune your Voice to celebrate his Fame,
Who rides aloft on yon celestial Frame;
Rejoice in Jah, his venerable Name.
The Orphan Babes in him a Father know:
And he relieves the Widow'd Matron's Woe:
Impartial Judge! he vindicates her Cause,
And from his sacred Seat asserts his Laws.
The solitary Train he knows to bind
In mutual Tyes, and Unity of Mind:
The Captive he delivers from his Chain,
And leads him forth to Liberty again;
But dooms the curs'd Apostate to remain
In Thirst and Famine on a sandy Plain.
When thou, O God! all radiant at our Head,
Didst thro' the pathless Wild thy People lead,
Earth shook beneath; distill'd the sable Show'r
From Heav'n above, before th' approaching Pow'r:
Ev'n *Sinai* trembl'd on his solid Base,
Before the God, the God of *Israel*'s Race.

Thou

Thou pour'ſt the plenteous Stores of timely Rain
To cheat the thirſty Glebe of thy Domain:
Thy own peculiar People there reſides;
And there thy Bounty for the Poor provides.
He ſpake; a numerous Train attends the Word,
And loud proclaims the Dictates of the Lord.
The Kings and Captains fled in Haſte away:
While Women and Domeſtics ſhare the Prey.
Ye who ſo late, in deep Dejection ſpread
Among the ſully'd Caldrons made your Bed,
Shall yet ariſe, fair as the Wings that fold
The ſilver Dove, whoſe Plumes are ray'd with Gold.
When Kings for you th'Almighty put to Flight,
Not Snow on *Salmon* was more lovely white.
The Hill of God like *Baſan*'s Hill aſcends,
High as the Hill which *Baſan*'s Verge defends:
Why leap you thus, ye Hills? on this alone
The Lord has fix'd his Manſion and his Throne.
Him twice ten thouſand Chariots in Array,
The bright angelic Myriads him obey:
Preſides the Sov'reign, as of old he ſhin'd,
On *Sinai*'s Summit in the Blaze enſhrin'd.
While thou to Heav'n in Triumph doſt ariſe,
Thy reſcu'd Captives wait thee to the Skies:
The Tribute pay'd to thee, thou doſt beſtow
In Bounties to Mankind and ev'n thy Foe;
That God may dwell with Mortals here below.
Bleſs'd be the Pow'r, whoſe Goodneſs ev'ry Day
Does needful Aid and Benefits convey:
The God on whom we for Salvation wait;
And who commands the Avenues of Fate.

He

He on their Head his Enemies shall wound;
Deep on their Head with flowing Tresses crown'd:
Such is their Doom, who on the guilty Way
Proceeding farther more from Virtue stray.
Thus spoke the Lord. My own selected Train
Again I guide from *Basan*'s fertile Plains,
Again from deep Recesses of the Main;
To purple o'er thy Feet with hostile Blood,
While thy insatiate Dogs shall lap the sanguine Flood.
My Sov'reign Lord! what Majesty Divine
Attends thy regal Progress to thy Shrine!
The venerable Priests, a vocal Choir,
Precede, behind resounds the solemn Lyre;
Fair Virgins march amid the pious Throng,
And with the lively Timbrel raise the Song.
To God, assembled Tribes! your Praises sing,
Sincerely flowing from the vital Spring.
There waits the rev'rend Patriarch's youngest born,
And Chiefs which his diminish'd Race adorn;
There *Juda*, destin'd to a nobler Fate,
In Synod first, and first in princely State.
While *Zebulon* and *Nephthali* forsake
The Borders of their Sea resembling Lake.
O Author of our Force! by thy Decree
Confirm the Work which was begun by thee.
Led by thy Fame, to *Solyma*'s high Dome
Suppliant shall tributary Monarchs come,
Break thou the Spear, and prostrate on the Ground
The Masters of the Herd for Strength renown'd;
Till each his Pride, and all his Rage resign,
With wealthy Presents from the silver Mine:

So

So scatter thou the Bands, whose dire Delight
Is in the Waste of Rapine and of Fight.
Then Princes shall attend from *Egypt*'s Sands:
To God shall *Ethiopia* lift her Hands.
With early Zeal ye various Nations join,
And with united Voice extol the Pow'r Divine.
He on his glorious Chariot rides on high,
On the primeval Empyrean Sky:
Hark! how he speaks; with formidable Sound
The dreadful Echo Thunders all around.
Ascribe to him Omnipotence alone
Who has in *Israel* fix'd his awful Throne:
But gather'd Clouds, his radiant State conceal,
And over his Tribunal cast a Veil.
How dreadful is the Majesty Divine!
What Terrors wait around his sacred Shrine.
'Tis *Israel*'s God with Glory and Success
Adorns his Tribes: 'tis ours his Name to bless.

PSALM LXXII.

O God! do thou inspire the Monarch's Thought,
With Lessons of unerring Justice fraught;
Derive the lineal Blessing to his Son,
And teach thy right Decrees to *Solomon*;
He to thy Tribes shall give impartial Laws,
And thus instructed guard the poor Man's Cause.
Peace to the People shall the Mountains bring;
From humble Hills Integrity shall spring.

He,

He, to their injur'd Innocence a Friend,
The Deſtitute and Orphan ſhall defend:
And in his Wrath the proud Oppreſſor rend.
Thee ſhall they reverence, while the golden Sun
His conſtant Race ſhall thro' the Zodiac run,
Thee, while the various Moon with borrow'd Light
Shall * in a ſilver Orb her Horns unite,
Thee, while the reſtleſs Courſe of Time ſupplies
One Race expiring with another's Riſe.
He from above ſhall come, as falling Dews
Upon † the curling Fleece their Drops diffuſe;
Or as the Show'rs of ſeaſonable Rain
With vegetative Humor ſteep the Plain
The Juſt ſhall proſper in his happy Days;
And Peace abundant till the Moon decays.
From Sea to Sea ſhall ſpread his ample Reign:
Here bounds *Euphrates*, there the Weſtern Main.
The Tribes who wander in the lonely Waſte,
Shall bow to him: his Foes before him caſt
Shall lick the Duſt. To him the Kings who reign
In foreign Iſles and o'er the diſtant Main,
And Kings who *Arab* and *Sabæa* ſway
Shall wealthy Tribute and Oblation pay.
The Monarchs all ſhall fall before him prone;
And Men their univerſal Sov'reign own.
He ſaves the Wretches who his Aid implore;
And guards the Unaſſiſted and the Poor:
In him they ſhall a gen'rous Patron find,
To reſcue them, and chear their anxious Mind;
From Fraud and Rapine he their Souls redeems,
And precious in his Sight their Blood eſteems.

* *Sandys.* † *Gideon's* Fleece.

Long

Long ſhall he live: and from *Arabia*'s Store
Receive the Treaſures of her ſhining Ore:
To him ſhall all their Supplications pay,
And ſing his Praiſe with each returning Day.
From ſcatter'd Grain, which ſcarce the Graſp cou'd fill,
Shall golden Harveſt crown the ſummit Hill,
Trembling with burthen'd Ears: ſo ſhake the Woods
When *Lebanon* with all his Foreſts nods:
And in the peaceful City ſhall be ſeen
Her People, chearful as the vernal Green.
His Name ſhall ever laſt, his deathleſs Name,
While Day's bright Lamp renews his orient Flame:
And all Poſterity to him ſhall give
The Praiſe of Bleſſings they from him receive.
Let *Iſrael*'s God be bleſs'd, by whom alone
Such ſignal Acts and Miracles are done:
Bleſs'd be the Name, and Majeſty Divine,
And o'er the ſpacious World his Glory ſhine.

PSALM LXXIII.

'TIS certain God to *Iſrael* does approve,
To Hearts untainted, his indulgent Love.
But from his Path my Feet were near to ſlide,
And my unſteady Steps to turn aſide:
At impious Men my Breaſt with Envy ſwell'd,
When proſp'rous Guilt in Triumph I beheld.
When I obſerv'd, from where it firſt begun,
On to the laſt their Thread ſo ſmoothly run:

While inexhauſted Strength renews their Prime,
Firm and unconſcious of the Waſte of Time:
Exempt from adverſe Chance, they never know
That common Fate which Mortals undergo:
That univerſal Lot of human Woe.
Yet favour'd thus, with Inſolence they deck
As with an honorary Chain their Neck:
For this are they, as with a Mantle ſpread
To wrap them round, with Violence array'd.
Inclos'd with ſwelling Fat, their Eye-balls ſtart;
Their wealth exceeds the Wiſhes of the Heart.
To all around does their Contagion reach;
They menace Outrage, arrogant of Speech:
Their Mouth oppoſes Heav'n; their Cenſures go
Thro' all the habitable World below.
For this the Vulgar courts them; whence they drain,
As from a plenteous Bowl, no ſlender Gain:
And yet, can God diſcover this! they cry;
Is he Omniſcient whom they ſtile Moſt High?
Behold the Impious! what the World confers
In ſmooth Succeſs or wealthy Store is theirs.
Then I, alas! have purg'd my Heart in vain;
And purify'd my Hands from guilty Stain.
The live-long Day with Sorrow was I worn;
My anxious Doubts awaken'd with the Morn:
Almoſt my Sentence did with theirs agree,
Then to thy Children I injuſt ſhou'd be.
I labour'd long this Science to attain;
But found my Force unequal to the Pain:
Till I perplex'd the Sanctuary ſought,
Where I at length their final Doom was taught.

How thou haſt plac'd them, where, too apt to ſlide,
They totter on the Pinnacle of Pride:
And then from thence by thee are headlong thrown,
And into Depths of Ruin tumble down.
How in the momentary Glance of Thought,
They to a dreadful Fate at once are brought!
Like Viſions, which before the ſleeping Eye
Glide ſmoothly on, but with the Slumbers fly,
So thou, O Lord! the Phantom ſhalt diſdain,
When from Repoſe thou ſhalt ariſe again.
This Conflict long diſquieted my Heart;
My very Reins were thrill'd with piercing Smart:
My Senſe, when I adventur'd to diſpute
The Cauſe with thee, did not excell the Brute.
Yet by thy Side for ever I remain;
And me thou doſt by my right Hand ſuſtain:
To guide me here thy Council thou ſhalt give;
And after that to Glory ſhalt receive.
Whom but thyſelf have I in Heav'n above?
Or who on Earth with thee divides my Love?
No! tho' my waſted Fleſh ſhou'd wear away,
My Heart with languid Pulſe forget to play,
Yet God it's lively Vigour ſhall reſtore;
And be my Heritage for evermore.
Behold! they periſh all, from thee who rove,
And to thy Rivals yield their perjur'd Love.
'Tis beſt that I with near Attendance wait,
And truſt in God: and then I ſhall relate
His noble Acts in *Sion*'s lofty Gate.

PSALM

PSALM LXXIV.

WHY, Lord! so long from us dost thou retire?
Against thy Pasture Sheep why glows thy Ire?
On thy Assembly turn thy Thought once more;
Thy antient Right, by Purchase thine of yore:
Thy Glebe redeem'd, and subject to thy Rod;
This Hill of *Sion*, once thy lov'd abode.
O! hither turn thy Steps! O hither haste,
Or to repair, or to revenge the Waste:
Where impious Foes reduce thy holy Fane
To Ruins, which for ever must remain.
Within thy Courts they raise an horrid Cry:
And fix their Standards in the Air to fly.
To lift the polish'd Ax, in former Days,
On stately Cedars, was the Workman's Praise:
But now at once descending Axes sound,
The weighty Hammer's blunter Strokes rebound,
Till all the Artifice that did adorn
The gilded Fretwork from the Walls is torn.
Nor so content, their sacrilegious Hands
Within thy Shrine have toss'd the flaming Brands;
The Mansion where abode thy Name before
Have they profan'd, and levell'd with it's Floor.
Their Hearts inspir'd; let all to Ruin turn:
The Synagogues thro' all the Land they burn.

No wonted Omens now our Proſpect chear:
Nor riſes now the viſionary Seer;
Nor one the dark Events of future Time to clear.
O God! how long ſhall thus thy Foe defame?
Muſt he for ever thus revile thy Name?
Why does thy Hand, as if contracted reſt?
Thy better Hand? O! draw it from thy Breaſt.
For God my Sov'reign is from Nature's Birth:
The Author of Salvation thro' the Earth.
By potent Might thou didſt the Sea divide;
And cruſh the Heads of Dragons in the Tide:
Thy Stroke the vaſt *Leviathan* confounds,
And cleaves his many Heads with mortal Wounds;
The People who along the Deſert ſtray
Upon the Coaſt, ſhall feaſt upon the Prey.
Expreſs'd by thee, from rocky Fiſſures glide
The Spring and Streams; while rapid Floods are dry'd.
Thine is the Day, with golden Luſtre bright;
And thine the ſpangled Purple of the Night:
The Dawn which opens with a roſy Gleam;
And the full Glories of the ſolar Beam.
Thou didſt the Globe with various Zones incloſe:
And mad'ſt the Summer's Heat, and Winter's Snows.
Remember, Lord! how thus thy Foes exclaim:
How ſtupid Idiots dare revile thy Name.
O! do not thou to cruel Hands reſign
This harmleſs tim'rous Turtle which is thine:
Nor to profound Oblivion doom the Poor.
Recall to mind thy Covenant once more:

For

For in the Caves of Earth, remote from Day,
Relentleſs Murther watches for her Prey.
Ariſe, O Lord! to vindicate thy Cauſe;
Still muſt the Libertine blaſpheme thy Laws?
Neglect not then their Clamour bold and loud;
Nor the rude Tumult of the gath'ring Crowd.

PSALM LXXVIII.

YOUR Ear, my People! to my Dictates bend;
And to my Words your whole Attention lend:
My Lips I will in Parables unfold,
Involv'd in myſtic Sentences of old.
What mighty Deeds have we receiv'd from Fame!
And certain Knowledge has confirm'd the ſame;
Each to his Son, as by his Father taught,
Shall tell the Wonders which the Lord has wrought:
To future Age ſhall ſend his Praiſes down,
And Miracles perform'd by him alone.
His Covenant confirm'd with *Jacob* ſtands;
To *Iſrael* thus he fix'd his high Commands:
This, with enjoin'd Obedience to our Sires,
To teach their future Children he requires;
That unborn Race, who wait the natal Day,
Shall this to a ſucceſſive Race convey,
To truſt in God, remember, and obey.
And not with impious Imitation trace
Their Anceſtors, a falſe obdurate Race,
Refuſing to direct their Hearts aright;
Nor wou'd they to the Lord their Souls unite.

So *Ephraim*'s Sons, tho' arm'd they bore the Bow;
Yet turn'd their Backs, when they beheld the Foe:
From God's diſclaim'd Alliance they withdraw;
Rejecting all Obedience to his Law;
His Benefits forgot, and Acts that prove,
Ev'n to their conſcious Eyes, his boundleſs Love;
The Prodigies their Fathers once beheld
In *Egypt*'s Land, in *Zoan*'s wond'ring Field.
He parts the Sea, and leads them thro' the Tide;
And heaps the Billows high on either Side:
A pillar'd Cloud conducts them all the Day;
By Night the Blaze of Fire directs their Way.
He burſt the Rocks, in Wilds which never knew
The bubbling Fountain, or refreſhing Dew;
To quench their Thirſt he bad the Moiſture flow,
Plenteous as from the vaſt Abyſs below:
Forth from the Rift the living Streams diſtill;
As ſwelling Floods their ſpacious Channel fill.
Yet ſtill their Crime proceeds; they ſtill conſpire
To tempt the Higheſt to vindictive Ire,
Amid the Solitude: For ſo ſuggeſts
The Diffidence of their ingrateful Breaſts.
The Deity they challenge, to ſupply
The Banquet for their wanton Luxury.
In open Accents now the Murmurs broke,
And thus of God in bold Defiance ſpoke.
Can he amid the thirſty Wild prepare
The Table charg'd with hoſpitable Fare?
He ſmote the Rock indeed, the Waters flow
From gaping Cleſts, obedient to the Blow,
And all around in limpid Currents ſpread:
But can he add the Nouriſhment of Bread?

Or

Or with the Food of ſolid Fleſh maintain
The Numbers of his faint exhauſted Train?
The Almighty heard, nor long delay'd his Ire;
In *Jacob* ſoon burſt forth the kindled Fire;
At *Iſrael*'s Race his Indignation roſe;
Who ſcorn'd on him their Credence to repoſe,
Diſtruſtful of the Aid which he beſtows.
Tho' he to gath'ring Clouds command had giv'n,
And open'd wide the azure Gate of Heav'n,
To pour the Food, whoſe memorable Name,
Unheard before, from their Inquiry came,
Ethereal Heav'n produc'd the pearly Grain,
Such Dainties as angelic Boards ſuſtain.
Were then indulg'd to Man; till Hunger ceas'd
Repreſs'd with Plenty of the copious Feaſt.
He ſent the rapid Eaſt beneath the Skies;
The ſofter South by his Commiſſion flies;
Thick as the Duſt deſcends the living Rain,
Of feather'd Fowls; or Sands beſide the Main.
Theſe thro' the Limit of their Camp he ſtrow'd,
Around, and in the Midſt of their Abode.
They eat, their craving Appetite they fill,
For he indulg'd them to their utmoſt Will;
Nor was their Wiſh debarr'd: But while they preſs'd
With eager Teeth the yet unfiniſh'd Feaſt,
The Wrath of God ſurpriz'd them all, and ſlew
The wealthy Chiefs of that intemp'rate Crew:
And all the Choice of *Iſrael*'s Sons o'erthrew.
Yet they perſiſt to Sin; nor to believe
His ſignal Prodigies Attention give:
For this their Days in Vanity he wears;
And unavailing Labour waſtes their Years.

Destroy'd by him, to seek him they return;
Their early Diligence prevents the Morn:
Then God their Strength they call to Mind once more;
That the most High their Freedom did restore.
While they on him with fawning Accents hung,
False were their Lips, and faithless was their Tongue!
Nor was their Heart to him approv'd sincere!
Nor did they to his Covenant adhere.
But him serene Benevolence inspires;
Their Guilt he pardons, nor their Fate requires:
How oft from them his Indignation turn'd,
And his diminish'd Ire with slacker Fury burn'd!
The frail Condition of our earthly Kind
To him appears but as the passing Wind
That comes no more, nor leaves its Track behind.
Him in the Wild how oft did they incense,
And grieve his heav'nly Mind with their Offence?
Retreating back they tempt the Pow'r divine;
And *Israel*'s Holy One they dar'd confine.
Forgetful of his Hand; and of the Day
When from their Foes he led them safe away:
When *Ægypt* once his Prodigies beheld;
The Wonders he perform'd in *Zoan*'s Field.
He bad the River roll a purple Store:
They pine for Thirst, and loath the tasted Gore.
At his Command the putrid Air supplies
The clust'ring Legions of envenom'd Flies,
With Stings infix'd to riot in their Blood:
With these, the noisy Frogs, aquatic Brood,

Annoy'd

Annoy'd their fainting Senſe. In vain appear
The globous Buds in Promiſe of the Year:
Upon the ravag'd Sweets the Canker feeds;
The Locuſt to the lab'ring Hand ſucceeds.
In vain the curling Vines are hung around
With ſwelling Gems; for with a rattling Sound
The marble Tempeſt bears them to the Ground.
Pinch'd by untimely Winter ſcatter'd lye
The juicy Berries of a ſanguin Dye:
The weighty Hail upon their Herds he threw;
To blaſt their Flocks the ruddy Lightning flew,
And hiſſing Bolts with flaming Sulphur blue.
He pours upon them his Revenge ſevere;
Fury, and Conſternation, and Deſpair:
And to malignant Angels gives Command
To bear his Terrors thro' the guilty Land.
He gave his Anger way; nor deign'd to ſave
Their ſinking Spirit from the gaping Grave:
Their Cattle firſt the dire Deſtruction find,
By him to waſteful Peſtilence reſign'd.
And now a deeper Wound the *Ægyptians* mourn,
In mingl'd Fun'rals of their eldeſt born:
The Choice of Youth, and who in Strength excell'd,
Wherever *Ham*'s deteſted Offspring dwell'd.
But, as the Shepherd to the flow'ry Meads
Conducts his Flock, his People forth he leads:
Secure and fearleſs they, their March he guides;
But whelms their Foes beneath the ruſhing Tides:
On to the Limits of his ſacred Land,
This Mountain purchas'd by his own right Hand:
From thence the Natives he before them drives:
And by the Line to them Poſſeſſion gives,

Proportion'd; thus the Tribes of *Israel* dwell'd
In their Abodes whom he from thence expell'd.
Yet to the Trial the Supreme they dare;
Nor think his Inſtitutes deſerve their Care.
Now, turn'd to Flight, they meaſure back their Pace,
And prove the faithleſs Authors of their Race:
So burſts the Bow, and to the Archer's Scope
Deceitful, fruſtrates his eluded Hope.
Forbidden Altars on the Hills on high,
And ſculptur'd Gods provoke his Jealouſy.
This when the Lord had heard, his Anger grew
To ſterneſt Hate of *Iſrael*'s impious Crew:
The Tent of *Shiloh* he abandon'd then;
The lov'd Pavilion he had fix'd with Men.
Their Strength he then reſign'd to ſervile Bands:
His * Glory to the bold Invader's Hands.
The People, once his own, he doom'd to feel
Th' inſatiate Fury of the deathful Steel;
When on his own Domain burſt forth his Ire:
Their blooming Youth in cruel Flames expire;
In bridal Song no more the Virgin hears
Her Praiſes chaunted by her late Compeers.
Fall'n by the Sword the holy Prieſts lye ſlain:
The Widows fix'd in ſilent Woe remain.
Then, as from quiet Sleep, aroſe the Lord:
Aswhen ſome Hero finds his Strength reſtor'd
By Spirits which the gen'rous Grape ſupplies,
In ecchoing Shouts his lofty Voice he tries.

* The Ark.

Deep

Deep in their Back his Enemies he wounds:
And with eternal Infamy confounds.
He *Joseph*'s Tents refus'd; nor him prefer'd,
On whom the Patriarch's Blessing wilful err'd:
But *Juda*'s favour'd Tribe, his Choice approv'd;
And *Sion*'s holy Mountain, his belov'd.
His Temple there he rais'd, to emulate
The lofty Structures of imperial State:
And laid the firm Foundation deep below;
Strong as the Earth, no Change to undergo.
His Choice on *David* fix'd, he took the Swain
From Flocks, and Folds, and from the rural Plain:
From following Mothers of the fleecy Breed,
The People of his Heritage to feed.
His faithful Heart, sincerely he apply'd,
For them the plenteous Pasture to provide:
And with experienc'd Skill their Ways to guide.

PSALM LXXIX.

BEHOLD! O God! behold the cruel Train
Of stern Barbarians ravage thy Domain:
Behold thy Shrine profan'd, and when on high
The Tow'rs of *Salem* glitter'd on the Sky,
A mighty Waste, and Pile of Ruins lye.
Thy Servants lifeless Carcasses are giv'n
To ev'ry greedy Vulture of the Heav'n:
Thy holy Saints without Interment lay,
And ev'ry Beast of Earth devour'd the Prey.

As falling Rains increaſe the ſwelling Flood,
So *Sion* floated with her Children's Blood:
Nor dar'd a pitying Friend upon the Bier
Compoſe the Dead, or fun'ral Rites conſer.
Stung with Reproaches of our Foes we mourn:
To bord'ring Realms a Mark of public Scorn.
Shall Length of Time, O Lord! thy Ire aſſuage?
Or ſhall for ever glow thy jealous Rage
Like waſteful Flames, and unextinguiſh'd burn?
Thy kindled Wrath on other Objects turn:
On Nations ignorant of thee to fall;
And Realms which never on thy Name did call.
For to their cruel Rage is *Jacob* made
A Prey; and his Abode in Ruins lay'd.
But O! remember not, from former Times
Our paſt Offences; but forgive our Crimes:
With ſoft Compaſſion, e're it is too late,
Behold, and raiſe us from our fall'n Eſtate.
O God of our Salvation! yet once more,
For thy Renown, our Liberty reſtore:
And cleanſe our Guilt, as we thy Name implore.
With impious Taunt why ſhould the Heathen cry
Where? where is now their boaſted Deity?
May he, ſo known, conſpicuous in their Sight,
Upon themſelves his Servants Blood requite.
O! let the mournful Sighs before thee come
Of Captives, deſtin'd to receive their Doom:
And prove, by Pow'r in their Deliv'rance ſhown,
That Life and Death are in thy Hand alone.
But to our Neighbours, ſeven times multiply'd
Into their Boſom recompenſe their Pride:
Who thee with impious Scoff have dar'd deride.

So we thy People, of thy Pasture we
The chosen Sheep, shall render Thanks to thee;
Nor ever cease: To thee we mean to pay
The pious Hymn, while Ages roll away.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O God of my Salvation! all the Day
To thee, and all the Night to thee I pray:
Admit my Cries before thee to appear;
And to my Supplication bend thine Ear.
With Woe my Soul is fraught; my fainting Breath
Approaches nearly to the Gates of Death:
I seem like one who to the nether Shade
Descends; in Vigour and in Force decay'd.
Where all, whom Death restores to Liberty,
Slain in the Grave, and unremember'd lye:
These from the Living, by a fatal Blow,
Thy Hand divides. And thou hast cast me low;
In deepest Caverns underneath the Ground,
Obscure with Night, and in the vast Profound.
Thy dread Displeasure presses on my Soul;
And o'er my Head the raging Tempests roll.
My dearest Friends, or who were such of late,
Hast thou remov'd, or turn'd their Love to Hate:
Confin'd in Dungeons, and oppress'd with Chains,
No Hope of Liberty to me remains.
With pining Grief my wasted Eyes decay:
To thee I spread my Hands, to thee I pray;
As each revolving Sun renews the Day.

For

For wilt thou thy ſtupendous Wonders ſhow
To the pale Nations of the Dead below?
What Pow'r of Art, or Miracle ſhall raiſe
Their vaniſh'd Being to recite thy Praiſe?
Who in the Tomb ſhall tell thy Mercy's Fame?
Or thy Veracity in Death proclaim?
Or ſhall eternal Night thy Marvels boaſt?
Or ſhow thy Juſtice on the diſmal Coaſt
Where Thought itſelf is in Oblivion loſt?
But thee have I implor'd, with early Cries,
My Pray'r attends thee, e're the Morn ariſe:
O! wherefore doſt thou thus my Soul repell?
And o'er thy Preſence caſt a cloudy Veil?
Thus have I languiſh'd from my tender Years,
And inſtant Death before my Eyes appears,
Preſs'd with thy Wrath, and frantic with my Fears.
Thy Indignation, and the conſcious Dread
Of heav'nly Vengeance, overwhelms my Head;
Like rolling Billows, and the ruſhing Tide,
They break above, and pour on ev'ry Side:
In vain on Kinſman, or on Friend I call;
For univerſal Darkneſs hides them all.

PSALM XC.

THOU, Lord! haſt been our ſure Repoſe,
Our ſacred Refuge from our Foes:
Since aged Time his Courſe began,
And thro' ſucceſſive Periods ran,

Before

Before the Mountain's early Birth,
Before the Structure of the Earth,
Before the univerſal Ball
Emerg'd from nothing at thy Call,
Thou, preſent Godhead! doſt ſurvey
An unbegun, an endleſs Day.
Mankind by thee reſign'd to Doom,
Thy Voice recalls them from the Tomb;
The Series of a thouſand Years,
To thee that narrow Space appears,
Which bounded laſt diurnal Light:
Or as an Hour of Watch by Night:
As rapid Floods, which roll away
To loſe their Water in the Sea;
As Viſions of the ſlumb'ring Eye,
Which vaniſh when the Slumbers fly:
Or as the Graſs they ſhall conſume;
The Morning ſees the Verdure bloom,
Which, e'er the Stars of Eav'n ariſe,
Falls by the Scythe, and fades and dries.
Such is our frail uncertain Age;
Sad Victims of celeſtial Rage!
Thy Indignation waſtes our Years
In dire Anxieties and Fears.
Our Crimes to thy Tribunal brought
The ſecret Act, and conſcious Thought,
Are open all to thy Survey,
Where thy bright Preſence gilds the Day.
Our Days in thy Diſpleaſure fail:
Our Years are ended like a Tale.
Sev'n Decads does the annual Sun
To limit our Duration run:

Perhaps

Perhaps with firmer Strength we gain
One Decad more of Toil and Pain;
But ſoon the rapid Hours run on;
And the Reſerve of Life is gone.
O! why preſume we to inquire
The Force of thy tremendous Ire?
Whoſe Terrors we ſo deeply find,
Impreſs'd upon the wounded Mind.
Nor let us calculate in vain
Our Years that paſs, or what remain,
But thence inſtruct us, to impart
The Care of Wiſdom to our Heart.
Return, O Lord! but O how ſlow!
And mitigate thy Servants woe.
O! Satisfy our eager Senſe
With undelay'd Benevolence:
That pious Gratitude, and Joy,
May our ſucceſſive Days employ.
An Age of Happineſs beſtow,
To recompenſe our former Woe.
Let thy dread Acts thy Servants grace;
Thy Glory bleſs our future Race.
On us thou Majeſty Divine!
Conſpicuous in Effulgence ſhine:
And let our Toils, in thee begun,
By thy auſpicious Aid be done.

PSALM

PSALM XCI.

WHO in Retirement of the Higheſt dwells,
Him with impervious Shade th'Almighty veils.
Thee I invoke, my Refuge! my Defence!
Unſhaken Tow'r of firm Omnipotence!
On him my Truſt I place, whoſe guardian Care
Is fix'd to free me from the Fowler's Snare;
And dire Contagion of the tainted Air.
Thee, hov'ring o'er thy Head, his Plumes ſhall hide;
Secure ſhalt thou beneath his Wings abide:
His Truth ſhall drive thy Dangers all repell'd
By the broad Orb of her protecting Shield.
Thy peaceful Mind no Terror ſhall affright,
When the wan Spectres glide along by Night:
Nor thee the formidable Shafts which fly
To carry Fate thro' the diurnal Sky.
Nor thee the Venom of the direful Peſt,
Whoſe gloomy March enſanguin'd Clouds inveſt:
From Realm to Realm tho' ſwift Deſtruction run,
And Crowds expire beneath the noon-tide Sun.
A thouſand by thy Side ſhall heap the Plain,
At thy right Hand ſhall fall ten thouſand ſlain;
Thou, only thou, inviolate remain.
Yet ſhall thy Eyes the heav'nly Vengeance view:
The Retribution of the impious Crew:

For

For on the Lord thy conſtant Hope rely'd,
Within his rocky Fortreſs to reſide,
Reſt thou ſecure no adverſe Chance to meet:
No waſteful Plague ſhall reach thy happy Seat.
He, with diſtinguiſh'd Charge expreſsly given,
Conſigns thee to the Miniſtry of Heav'n:
With watchful Diligence to tend thy Ways;
Thee gently waſted in their Arms to raiſe,
Leſt, prominent above the level Ground,
The pointed Stone thy tender Foot ſhou'd wound.
Beneath thy Foot * the drowſy Aſp ſhall lye,
And regal Baſiliſc with baneful Eye;
Bold ſhalt thou tread, beneath thy Steps impreſs'd,
The Lion's brindled Mane, and Dragon's turgid Creſt.
His faithful Heart my heav'nly Love reſpires,
With holy Ardor, and with pure Deſires:
For this will I relieve, and raiſe to Fame,
This pious Vot'ry of my ſacred Name.
Invok'd by him with ſupplicating Cry,
I chear his Sorrows with a prompt Reply:
My Preſence in his dubious Toils is known
An Aid confeſs'd; the Benefit I crown
With ſure Deliv'rance, and with high Renown.
To Nature's full Demand ſhall he be bleſt
With long extended Days and peaceful Reſt.

* Super Aſpidem et Baſiliſcum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem. Vers. Vulg. V. B.

PSALM

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord, a mighty Monarch, reigns,
In Robes of State himself he dreſt:
The Zone of Fortitude reſtrains
The Folds of his imperial Veſt.
This penſile habitable World
He balanc'd in the liquid Space;
Which by no Force ſhall e'er be hurl'd
From its determin'd deſtin'd Place.
Thy Throne was founded e'er the Earth
Was made, or rolling Ages run:
Anteriour thou to Nature's Birth,
Primæval Eſſence, unbegun!
Hark, Lord! the ſwelling Torrent roars;
The Flood exhorts the boiling Main;
Old Ocean ſummons all the Stores
His ample Magazines contain.
What tho' the Surges foam and roll,
And with impetuous Tumult rave?
The Lord reſides above the Pole,
More dreadful than the raging Wave.
On thy Decrees does Truth await:
And, Lord! in thy eternal Dome,
So to adorn thy regal State,
Fair Piety has fix'd her Home.

PSALM

PSALM C.

YE Nations all! whose various Climates glow
With sultry Suns, or freeze with solid Snow:
The Heav'n's eternal Law your Bounds divides,
With Range of Mountains or resounding Tides,
Let pious Joy your grateful Bosoms raise;
And join in Hymns of universal Praise.
Revere th' omnipotent, eternal King:
Parent divine, of Nature sacred Spring.
No heav'n-born Race, nor self-existent we;
His Word from nothing summon'd us to be:
His People we, his Flock peculiar Share
The plenteous Herbage, and the Pastor's Care.
With humble Joy and Veneration wait
To tread his Courts, and to approach his Gate:
Adore the sacred Name, from whose Dispose
An inexhausted Stream of Bounty flows.
While Ages roll his Mercy shall remain;
No Period limits his extended Reign:
His Truth shall last, while with successive Birth
The Race of Mortals shall renew the Earth.

PSALM CII.

ACCEPT my Supplication, heav'nly Lord!
To my Complaint a gentle Ear afford:

Nor

Nor in the Time of my Diſtreſs conceal
Thy ſacred Preſence with a cloudy Veil.
When in the Days of Woe to thee I cry,
Incline thine Ear and give a prompt Reply.
My waſted Days in pining Sorrow wear;
Like riſing Smoke which vaniſhes in Air.
My ſolid Bones with ſecret Grief decay,
As ſmooth'ring Brands in Embers fall away.
My wounded Heart, to deep Dejection call,
Withers, like Verdure by a piercing Blaſt:
No needful Food invites my ſickly Taſte.
My Breaſt is tortur'd with inceſſant Groans:
And ſcarce my Skin inveſts my ſtarting Bones.
Like penſive Swans in ſedgy Lakes I moan;
Or Birds of Night who dwell in Wilds alone:
As widow'd Sparrows on the Roof deplore,
When their lov'd Mates return to them no more.
While, all the live long Day, my Foes engage
In vile Reproach, and Vows of frantic Rage.
My Palate, now with bitter aſhes fed,
Forgets the vital Nouriſhment of Bread:
No gen'rous Wine my flowing Goblet fills,
But the ſalt Stream, which from my Eyes diſtills.
Such Grief thy Indignation does require;
And ſuch Effects attends thy dreadful Ire:
For thou haſt rais'd me, for a ſurer Blow,
And caſt me then precipitous below.
My fleeting Days inſenſibly decline,
Like creeping Shadows from the horal Line;
The Vigour of my languid Prime decays,
Like Graſs that fades beneath the ſolar Rays.

But

But thy Existence, Lord! shall ever last:
No Flux of Time shall thy Memorial waste.
Yet shalt thou rise, and in Indulgence great,
Shall grace thy *Sion*, once thy favour'd Seat:
'Tis now the Time her Glory to restore,
Confirm'd by Fate to this auspicious Hour.
Her ruin'd Heaps thy Servants Thoughts employ:
Her Dust inspires a melancholy Joy.
O Lord! the Nations shall revere thy Name;
And Earth's proud Monarchs tremble at thy Fame.
When *Sion*'s God again her Walls shall raise,
And there conspicuous in his Glory blaze.
He hears the Pray'r of the neglected Train:
Nor shall they sue to him and sue in vain.
This Roll of lasting Record shall engage
The fix'd Attention of the future Age:
A Race unborn, and to the Light unknown,
With joyous Hymns the Deity shall own.
He from his Sanctuary far on high
Casts down his Eyes; the Lord from yonder Sky
Beholds the Globe of Earth beneath him lye.
He, with relenting Pity, hears complain
The groaning Captives; and he breaks their
Chain,
Whom their stern Foes have destin'd to be slain.
The sacred Name in *Sion* they shall praise;
Jerusalem shall sound with mystic Lays:
While various Nations shall in Union join,
And distant Realms, to serve the Pow'r Divine.
But he exhausts my Strength, and checks my Race,
And bounds my Days in more contracted Space.

My God! said I, O take me not away,
Snatch'd from the full Meridian of my Day:
Thy Years for ever last, unconscious of Decay!
Thou, at primæval Nature's early Birth,
Hast lay'd the deep Foundations of the Earth;
Above the azure Veil of Heav'n expands,
And is the beauteous Fabric of thy Hands.
Yet they shall perish, thou remain the same;
And Age, like worn Attire, shall waste their Frame:
For thou shall lay them as a Robe aside,
And with their Beauty vanishes their Pride.
Thou, only thou no Change shalt ever know;
Thy Years alone without a Period flow.
A Course of long Succession shall maintain,
The favour'd Line of thy devoted Train:
And in thy Presence shall the Race remain.

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PSALM CIV.

BLESS thou the Lord, my Soul! O Pow'r divine!
My Sov'reign Dread! what Majesty is thine!
With Honor and imperial Greatness dress'd,
And purest Rays compose thy lucid Vest.
Heav'n, like a Veil, his secret Seat enfolds,
The liquid Chrystalline it's Beams upholds.
Upon the Chariot of the Clouds he sails,
And treads the Pennons of the soaring Gales.
In Rays of Æther and celestial Fire,
He cloaths his Ministers and Angel Choir.

He

He fix'd the Earth as on a ſolid Baſe,
Self-pois'd to reſt; nor ever change it's Place.
Thou erſt o'erſpreadſt it with the brooding Deep,
As with a Robe; above the Mountain-ſteep
The Billows roll'd: But at thy Check they fly;
And when thy Thunder rattles thro' the Sky,
Precipitate their headlong Flight. They now
Climb the ſteep Summit of the Mountain's Brow:
Now thro' the Dales with prone Deſcent they pour;
To ſeek the Place where thou hadſt form'd before
The mighty Baſin for their confluent Store.
With Barriers fix'd their Rage thou doſt reſtrain:
Not to be paſs'd to drown the Land again.
He thro' the Vallies ſends the ſtreaming Rills,
Whoſe bubbling Fountains Ooze among the Hills.
Beaſts of the Field upon the Margin meet,
With cooling Draughts to quench their inward Heat;
The ſavage Aſs his fiery Thirſt allays:
Above, the vocal Birds, among the Sprays,
Tune their wild Notes. From his celeſtial Bow'rs,
He on the Hills the genial Moiſture ſhow'rs.
So with thy Bounty fill'd, does Earth produce
Graſs for the Herds, and Plants for human Uſe:
So haſt thou cauſ'd the fertile Globe to bear,
The gen'rous Grape, the Heart of Man to chear;
To glad his Countenance the fragrant Oil,
And Bread, Support of neceſſary Toil.
The ſacred Trees with vital Sap are fed;
The Cedars, planted by the Lord, to ſpread
O'er *Lebanon* the Umbrage of their Head.
Upon their Summit next the chirping Choir;
And Storks upon the Pine's aerial Spire.

The Mountain-Goats o'er Precipices bound;
A safe Retirement from the Hunter found:
And deep the Conies hide in rocky Ground.
He set the silver Moon, with various Face,
To mark th' alternate Stages of her Race:
He taught the Sun, at Close of Day, to sink
Beneath the blue Horizon's doubtful Brink.
Thou call'st for Darkness; then the Shades arise,
And Night regains the Empire of the Skies:
Then, in the friendly Shelter of the Gloom,
Rouz'd from their Lairs, the shaggy Sylvans roam;
The Lyon's Whelps in search of Quarry roar,
Yet they from God their Sustenance implore.
No sooner o'er the Earth the ruddy Sun
Exalts his Orb, but all away they run,
Till in their hollow Dens, obscure and deep,
On a promiscuous Heap they couch to sleep.
But, with the Day, to Man returns again
His constant Portion of appointed Pain
And destin'd Labour; till the Ev'ning's Close
Refresh his weary Limbs with due Repose.
O Lord! how num'rous for our Wonder call
Thy Operations, form'd in Wisdom all!
Thy Wealth diffus'd o'er this terrestrial Ball!
Nor o'er the Earth alone, the spacious Main
Partakes; whose vast extended Tracts contain
A Race transcending Number: Part a Fry
Scarce worth a Name, or obvious to the Eye;
Part of enormous Bulk. There o'er the Tide
To distant Ports adventrous Vessels ride.
There the Leviathan thy Pleasure forms,
To dance upon the Waves, and sport in Storms.

All these, thy Creatures, thee alone await,
Of thee, in Season, to receive their Meat:
By thee dispens'd they gather up their Food,
All from thy lib'ral Hand suffic'd with Good.
Thy Face averted, destitute they mourn:
Their Breath by thee recall'd, they dye, they turn,
Again to native Dust ——
Thy Spirit issuing forth, with second Birth,
A new Creation shall adorn the Earth.
The Glory of the Lord for ever lasts:
And in his Works sincere Delight he tastes.
Earth he beholds; it trembles on it's Poles:
The Hills he touches, and above them rolls
Involving Smoak. While the congenial Flame
Of vital Spirit animates my Frame,
I to the Lord will consecrate my Layes:
While I exist my God I mean to praise,
In Thoughts of him to Ecstasy resign'd,
So shall the Deity rejoice my Mind.
O! may the Guilty from the World decay!
O! may the Impious ever waste away!
Bless thou the Lord, my Soul! and yet again
With Alleluias end the sacred Strain.

PSALM CV.

O Celebrate the Lord! invoke his Name;
His mighty Deeds to heathen Realms proclaim:
From him derive the Hymn, the solemn Song;
Of his stupendous Acts your Speech prolong.

Then

Then triumph in his Name, for ever bleſt;
Who ſeek the Lord, let Joy inſpire their Breaſt.
The Lord and his Omnipotence explore;
Require his ſacred Preſence ever-more.
Preſerve in Memory his wondrous Deed,
His Signs, and Judgment by his Mouth decreed.
O ye of *Abraham* his Servant's Race;
Ye who from his elected *Jacob* trace
Your favour'd Line! the Lord our God is he;
And all the World ſubmits to his Decree.
His Covenant he ſtill in Mind retains;
His Promiſe, which immutable remains,
While thouſand Ages roll: which he of yore
To *Abraham* engag'd, to *Iſaac* ſwore;
The ſame he gave to *Jacob* in Command,
The League with *Iſrael* ever fix'd to ſtand,
This Land, he ſaid, of *Canaan* ſhall be thine;
This your paternal Portion I aſſign,
Tho' yet but few in Number they were found;
A ſlender Train, and then on foreign Ground;
For then they wander'd thro' the bord'ring States,
In various Exiles, led by various Fates.
He ſuffer'd none to injure them; but mov'd
In their Defence, ev'n Monarchs he reprov'd.
Nor my Anointed touch; nor violate
Whom I have ſent, the Meſſengers of Fate.
He calls; obſequious to the ſtern Command,
Commiſſion'd Famine deſolates the Land.
No longer the Support of corny Grain,
Deſtroy'd by him, does human Life maintain.
He ſends his Harbinger before, the Youth
Adorn'd with Beauty, Chaſtity and Truth:

To baſe unworthy Slavery betray'd,
With Fetters gall'd, in Chains of Iron laid,
Which pierc'd his Soul; till the celeſtial Word,
In deſtin'd Hour, his Innocence explor'd.
Then ſent the King, who there the Sceptre bore,
To break his Chains, and Freedom to reſtore:
Exalted him his regal Pow'r to ſhare,
And truſted all his Treaſures to his Care.
Permitted him his Princes to reſtrain,
And Wiſdom to his Senate to explain.
To *Ægypt* then the rev'rend *Iſrael* came,
And *Jacob* ſojourn'd in the Land of *Ham*.
To Numbers there he caus'd their Tribes to grow;
And gave them Force ſuperior to their Foe:
For this dire Envy animates their Breaſt,
With faithleſs Wiles his Servants to moleſt.
His Servant *Moſes* then, with *Aaron* join'd,
His ſacred Choice Ambaſſadors deſign'd:
Diſclos'd in public View his Signals ſtand
By theſe; his Prodigies in *Ammon*'s Land.
Night he commanded from the nether Shade;
And all the wide Horizon Night array'd:
Nor then his Oracles they diſobey'd.
Their worſhipp'd Stream he turns to putrid Blood:
While dying roll upon the goary Flood,
Their * Monſter-Gods, and Terrors of the *Nile*,
The † River-Horſe and ſcaly Crocodile.
Then to the Frogs he gave a wond'rous Birth;
An upſtart Offspring of the teeming Earth:
Theſe thro' their Palaces in Numbers ſpread,
And lodge themſelves upon the royal Bed.

* *Milton.* † *Ibid.*

He

He ſpake; and inſtant as the Word repair
Black Swarms of Flies to darken all the Air:
Thro' all the Region he the Inſects brings
To wound their Bodies with envenom'd Stings.
In Place of Rain he gives them pond'rous Hails,
While on the Ground the fiery Meteors trails.
In vain the Vines their ſwelling Gems produce,
And rip'ning Figs digeſt their crude Juice:
He blaſts them all; and ſpreads the Country round
With levell'd Woods, all ſhatter'd on the Ground.
He calls; the Locuſts, and a countleſs Band
Of waſteful Cankers, poſting o'er the Land,
To Pillage deſtin'd it's Increaſe invade:
Devour the tender Plant, and ſpringing Blade.
Wounded by him, thro' all their Confines dy'd
The blooming youth, their Parents eldeſt Pride.
His own he forth conducts, enrich'd with Store
Of ſilver Vaſes, and of golden Ore:
Not one in all their Kindred cou'd they find
Whoſe feeble Force with Sickneſs was declin'd.
Th'*Ægyptians* now with Joy their March beheld:
So had their Fear their Avarice expell'd.
Above a cloudy Canopy he ſpread:
And pointed Flames their nightly Journey led.
He to their Wiſh the taſteful Quail accords;
And with the Bread of Heav'n ſupplies their Boards;
He cleaves the Rock; the copious Streams diffuſe
O'er the parch'd Sands, as ample Rivers Uſe.
For he what ſacred Ties his Promiſe bind,
And *Abraham* his Servant calls to mind.
With Joy his reſcu'd People forth he guides;
With Triumph his Elect: and he divides

To them of heathen Realms the conquer'd Soil;
A rich Inheritance in other's Toil.
Yet limited, that with religious Awe
They keep his Statutes, and obſerve his Law.

PSALM CVI.

IN Alleluias all your Voices join;
With grateful Praiſe confeſs the Lord benign:
No Period e'er ſhall his Indulgence bound,
While Ages meaſure their eternal Round.
His mighty Deeds what Mortal can relate?
His equal Praiſes who ſhall celebrate?
How happy they who Juſtice ſtill attend,
And all their Hours in Acts of Virtue ſpend!
Remember me, O Lord! that I may find
What Favour for thy People is deſign'd:
With ſalutary Preſence viſit me;
That I the Bliſs of thy Elect may ſee,
Partake the Joys of thy peculiar Train,
And ſhare the Triumphs of thy own Domain.
We to our Anceſtors in Guilt ſucceed;
In perpetrated Crimes, and impious Deed.
Our Sires beheld, with inattentive Thought,
Thy iterated Signs in *Ægypt* wrought;
Nor treaſur'd in their recollected Senſe
The boundleſs Stores of thy Benevolence;
But where the Sea, the Erythræan flows,
Againſt thee there in bold Rebellion roſe.

Yet

Yet them he ſav'd, to vindicate his Name:
And his Omnipotence confirm'd to Fame.
Reprov'd by him, the Sea forgets to flow;
And bare appears the ſolid Soil below;
By him conducted, thro' the Deep they paſs'd,
As thro' the Regions of the ſandy Waſte.
He then redeem'd them from the Tyrant's Hand;
And ſav'd them from their Enemy's Command:
While all their Foes beneath the gulphy Wave
Lie whelm'd; not one eſcapes the watry Grave.
His Oracles did then their Credence gain:
His Praiſe they ſung in an alternate Strain.
But ſoon to dark Oblivion they reſign'd
His Acts; nor to his Council bend their Mind.
As thro' the dreary Solitude they go,
To mad Exceſs their wanton Wiſhes grow;
And with their inſolent Demands they try,
Amid the Wild, to brave the Deity:
He grants the Boon; but thus the Grant controlls,
That meager Atrophy ſhou'd waſte their Souls.
Yet in the Camp again, with Envy fir'd,
Againſt their patient Leader they conſpir'd;
And *Aaron*, venerable by the Sign
Of Conſecration to the Pow'r Divine.
The gaping Earth, down to the Centre cleaves,
And Rebel *Dathan* to the Shades receives:
Then, cloſing o'er their Heads, it's Bars reſtrain
His guilty Brother, and ſeditious Train.
The ſudden Flame amid their Crew aſpires:
The Impious periſh in devouring Fires.
At *Horeb*'s Foot an imag'd Calf they made:
And to the molden Gold their Adoration paid.

Thus their inverted Glory they deface;
And with the Semblance of an Ox diſgrace:
An Animal, who knows no higher Good
Than ruminating on his graſſy Food.
Their Saviour, God, they baniſh'd from their Thought;
And all his mighty Deeds in *Ægypt* wrought:
Stupendous Prodigies in *Ammon*'s Land;
And Signs terrine on the *Red-Sea* Strand.
Then he pronounc'd, that he decreed to fall
The univerſal Ruin on them all:
But *Moſes*, his Elect, the Breach maintains
And from the reſt the iſſuing Wrath detains;
That Wrath celeſtial, which prepar'd to fall,
With univerſal Ruin menac'd all.
Yet ev'n that happy Region they diſdain'd;
Nor now his Promiſe their Belief obtain'd:
They ſpread the Murmurs of their Diſcontent,
In mutual Confidence from Tent to Tent;
Too obſtinate Attention to afford
To monitory Dictates of the Lord.
He rais'd againſt them his obteſting Hand,
To whelm them in the ſolitary Land:
To drive their Progeny diſpers'd and hurl'd
Thro' barb'rous Nations, and the diſtant World.
To *Phegor* next they join'd themſelves; and fed
On the polluted Victims of the Dead:
Their wild Inventions his Revenge inflame;
And on them ſwift the dire Deſtruction came.
Then *Phineas* roſe, and by Atonement made
With guilty Blood, the ſpreading Miſchief ſtay'd:

This

This Act imputed Righteouſneſs ſhall crown,
From Age to Age recording his Renown.
His dreadful Anger yet again they try'd
There where the Waters of Contention glide:
Then *Moſes* found, by ſad Experience taught,
The Prince to ſuffer for the People's Fault;
For him ſo far their Murmurs did provoke,
That from his Lips unguarded Paſſion broke.
Yet did they not deſtroy the gentile Train,
So did the Mandate of the Lord ordain;
Accurs'd Alliance ſoon their Blood unites;
And leads to imitate forbidden Rites.
The imag'd Gods their ſervile Homage ſhare:
Which often prov'd their Detriment and Snare.
Unhappy Victims! at the Dæmon's Call,
Their blooming Youth, and faireſt Virgins fall;
All ſmear'd with filial Gore the Parents ſtand
Of Innocents, who by the dire Command
Of *Canaan*'s Idols purple all the Land.
They, with the Tincture of their Deeds embrew'd,
Their Fictions with adult'rous Love purſu'd.
Againſt his People this incens'd the Lord;
Who now his own Inheritance abhorr'd.
He then reſign'd them to the cruel Hand
Of heathen Nations; to the hard Command
Of hoſtile Lords: To their oppreſſive Foe,
Beneath the Yoak of Servitude they bow.
He oft reliev'd them; they as many Times
Provok'd him, and were humbled for their Crimes:
He yet regards their Sorrows; nor denies
A gentle Audience to their ſuppliant Cries.

His Covenant again recall'd to mind,
He, in his num'rous Mercies, grows more kind:
The Victors to Compassion he inclin'd.
Preserve us, Lord! our God whom we adore!
From foreign Lands our scatter'd Race restore:
Again assembled to thy sacred Name
Our Thanks to pay; and triumph in thy Fame.
Blest be the Lord whom *Israel*'s Sons adore,
From Age to Age, till Time shall be no more!
Let full Assent resound from all the Throng;
And with your Alleluias end the Song.

PSALM CXIV.

I.

WHEN *Israel* fled from *Ægypt*'s Shore,
Freed from a stern Barbarian's Pow'r,
He whose Protection *Israel* grac'd,
In *Juda* his Pavilion plac'd.

II.

An unknown Frost surpriz'd the Flood;
On Heaps the parted Waters stood:
And *Jordan*, struck with equal Dread,
Shrunk backward to his antient Head.

III.

The solid Mountains skipp'd like Rams;
The rising Hills like frisking Lambs:
What unknown Frost surpriz'd the Flood?
Say, why on Heaps the Waters stood?

IV.

Why did'ſt thou, *Jordan!* ſtruck with Dread,
Shrink backward to thy antient Head?
Say, why the Mountains ſkipp'd like Rams?
The riſing Hills like friſking Lambs?

V.

Tremble, thou Earth! with rev'rend Fear
Tremble when *Jacob's* God is near;
At whoſe Command the Rocks diſtil,
The Flint pours forth a weeping Rill.

ODE *on* PSALM CXXX.

I.

FROM the profound Abyſs below
Beneath the vaulted Baſe of Earth,
Beneath where Vegetables take their Birth,
Beneath where Gems and rip'ning Metals glow;
Beneath thoſe Caverns which abide
Th' inceſſant Preſſure of the rolling Tide,
Beneath the Magazines which keep
Th' exhauſtleſs Treaſures of the watry Deep;
I raiſe my humble Voice, and try,
Tho' I ſo low and he ſo high,
To reach the ſtarry Manſions of the Deity.

II.

My humble Voice with mild Attention hear!
I see, I see the dreadful Day,
What mortal Eye the View can bear?
When Justice, rob'd in terrible Array,
Shall all the World to thy Tribunal call:
When Men shall seek their guilty Heads to hide
Crush'd by the Mountain's mould'ring Side;
Or bury'd in the Ruins of the universal Ball.
Till Mercy from the Sky descends;
Divinest Attribute of Power!
In Air the flaming Sword suspends;
And bids it rage no more, no more devour.
Divinest Attribute! which does maintain
The sacred Awe of thy eternal Reign.

III.

My Soul secure attends the Lord;
Repos'd on his irrevocable Word:
With early Hymns she wakes the rising Day;
With earlier Vigilance than they
Who from the Turret watch the dawning Light,
Emerging from the Shades of Night.
Ye Sons of *Israel!* ye who trace
Your hallow'd Lineage from the Patriarch's Race!
With stedfast Hope your gracious Lord adore:
For know, that in the inexhausted Store
Of certain Fate, your great Redeemer lies.
When future Time and certain Fate
The destin'd Period shall complete,
Himself the Lord, shall this Redeemer rise.

No

No Triumphs equal to the Deed,
Tho' from *Ægyptian* Bondage freed,
Can be compar'd to what remain;
When he of Guilt shall break the Chain,
And give us Liberty again.

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD! no ambitious Mind I bear,
Betray'd in haughty Airs:
Nor I, above my proper Sphere
Converse in great Affairs,
But mildly I myself demean'd;
And angry Thoughts suppress'd:
As when an Infant newly wean'd,
Forgets his Mother's Breast.
Ev'n like that weanling Babe my Mind
Is soon compos'd to Peace:
To God be *Israel*'s Hope resign'd,
From now till Time shall cease.

PSALM CXXXIII.

I.

WHAT Joy when Brethren dwell combin'd
In Pious Unity of Mind!
'Tis like the sacred Unction shed
On *Aaron*'s venerable Head:

When bath'd in Fragrancy respire
His rev'rend Beard and rich Attire.

II.

Like Dews which trickling from the Sky
In pearly Globes on *Hermon* lye;
Or balmy Vapours which distil
On *Sion*'s consecrated Hill;
For there the Lord his Blessing plac'd;
And these with Life eternal grac'd.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

BESIDE where fam'd *Euphrates* flows,
Thy dear Remembrance urg'd our Woes;
Thee *Solyma!* our Tears deplore,
The Great! the Glorious! now no more:
Our silent Harp, untun'd, unstrung,
Upon the hoary Willows hung.

II.

Our haughty Lords, insulting throng,
In barb'rous Mirth demand a Song:
Such tuneful Airs, melodious Strains,
As ill agree with servile Chains;
Such Songs as us'd of old to sound,
O'er *Sion*'s Courts and hallow'd Ground.

III. And

III.

And can we then, celeſtial King!
Thy Hymns in hateful Exile ſing!
Thee, *Sion!* if my Thoughts forego,
Thy Glories paſt, thy preſent Woe,
May then, with Palſies numb'd and chill,
My better Hand forget her Skill.

IV.

O *Solyma!* if ever part
Thy honour'd Image from my Heart,
Fix'd to my Palate may my Tongue
For ever motionleſs be hung:
If any Joy my Boſom know
Superior to ſo juſt a Woe.

V.

O may celeſtial Ire apace
Involve *Idume*'s cruel Race!
Think, Lord! what they preſum'd to ſay,
When *Sion* ſaw her lateſt Day:
They bad her levell'd Pride confound;
And raze her Turret to the Ground.

VI.

Daughter of *Babel* doom'd to know
The pining Waſte of meager Woe!
O! happy he who ſhall repay
The Vengeance of that ſignal Day:
And happy he by whom are thrown
Thy Infants on the rugged Stone.

ODE

ODE on Part of the same.

I.

AS on *Euphrates'* Bank we ſate
Adown our Cheeks ſuch Torrents glide,
To mourn our melancholy Fate,
As emulate the ſwelling Tide.
O *Sion!* all on thee revolv'd our Thought;
Sad, lov'd Idea! to Remembrance brought,
Eternal Anguiſh to inſpire:
While we, upon the Willow, fed
With plenteous Moiſture by the River's Bed,
Suſpend the ſilent Lyre.

II.

The cruel Authors of our ſervile Bands
Inſult us with ſevere Commands:
That mean Delight of arbitrary Pride,
The Miſerable to deride;
They bad us tune our mournful Voice
Diſus'd to ſing, or to rejoice:
Begin, th' imperious Victors cry'd,
Begin the lofty Strain, which er'ſt you ſung
When ecchoing *Sion* with the Muſic rung.

III.

Lord! ſhall we ſing thy Hymns, to be profan'd
By ſuch an Audience in a barb'rous Land?

And

And thou, *Jeruſalem!* if it can be
That to Oblivion I abandon thee,
May this right Hand, forſaken of it's Skill,
And all it's paralytic Nerves unſtrung,
Forget to Act the Dictates of my Will.
If ever my ingrateful Breaſt
Shall with thy Image ceaſe to be poſſeſs'd,
Fix'd to my Palate cleave my limpid Tongue,
If any Joy my penſive Boſom chear;
Nor I *Jeruſalem* to all prefer.

PSALM CXLVIII.

FROM vocal Air and convex Skies,
Let wafted Alleluias ſound:
And let the ſacred Triumphs riſe,
Till vaulted Heav'n the Notes rebound.
Ye Angels! you harmonious Throng,
Who round the Throne eternal wait;
Alternate anſwer to the Song,
Ye rapid Miniſters of Fate!
Thou ſolar Orb! whoſe ruddy Beam
Compells the Shades of Night to yield;
Thou ſilver Moon! whoſe fainter Gleam
Scarce trembles o'er yon azure Field.
Ye Stars! who circle round the Pole,
Illumin'd with diſtinguiſh'd Rays;
Inſtruct your vocal Spheres to roll
Symphonious, to your Maker's Praiſe.

Praiſe

Praiſe him, above th' æthereal Heighth
Thou Empyrean! far more high:
Praiſe him, ye Cataracts! the Weight
Of Waters treaſur'd o'er the Sky.
His Name with pious Praiſes ſink,
Who kindled firſt the beamy Light:
Who firſt commanded you to ſpring
Forth from the Cells of genuine Night.
His Edict, with eternal Force,
Aloft ſuſpends the ſtarry Rays:
He points, along the liquid Courſe,
Their Motions, Intervals, and Ways,
Thee, lower Earth! the Hymn requires,
To anſwer to the jocund Sound:
Ye Dragons with enamell'd Spires!
Ye Caverns of the vaſt Profound!
Ye lambent Flames! ye Hail and Snow!
In humid Trails ye Vapours curl'd!
Ye Tempeſts! which obedient blow
To pour his Vengeance on the World.
Ye Mountain-Steeps! ye humbler Hills!
Ye Trees! which with delicious Food
And gen'rous Juice the Seaſon fills;
Ye Cedars, Giants of the Wood.
Ye ſavage Beaſts! who lone abide
In Foreſts: Ye of milder kind!
Ye Reptiles, who extended glide!
Ye plumy Tribes who mount the Wind.
Ye Monarchs! whoſe imperial Sway,
The ſubjugated Nations awes:
Ye Nations who thoſe Kings obey!
Ye Chiefs and Guardians of the Laws.

Ye

Ye active Youth, in manly Prime!
Ye Virgins deck'd with blooming Grace!
Ye Elders press'd by creeping Time!
And you the tender infant Race!
Your Voices raise with mix'd Acclaim;
To praise the universal Lord:
The sole, august, majestic Name,
O'er Earth and distant Heav'n ador'd.
When he shall elevate their Horn,
Shall all his Saints his Praises sing:
The Progeny of *Israel* born,
Who still attend their heav'nly King.

PSALM CL.

I.

WITH Alleluias from the Shrine
Salute th' Omnipotence Divine;
And eccho praises from the Sky;
Where he resides in Majesty.

II.

Praise him in all his glorious Deeds;
Where his Almighty Pow'r exceeds.
The Trumpet's martial Voice inspire;
And touch the Lute, and strike the Lyre.

III.

Let Youth and Beauty form the Dance;
And to the Timbrell's Sound advance:

Ye

Ye Maſters of the trembling Wire,
And ſolemn Organs lead the Choir.

IV.

On tuneful Cymbals raiſe the Sound;
Or from the concave Braſs rebound:
And praiſe him, for to him belongs
The Breath which modulates your Songs.

HYMN, *Taken from* PSALM VIII.

O LORD, Thou Sov'reign Lord of all,
How glorious is thy Name:
How glorious o'er this earthly Ball,
And yon celeſtial Frame!
By Infants who begin to try
Their yet unpractis'd Tongue,
To ſilence bold Impiety,
Thy Praiſes ſhall be ſung.
Nor to the ſtarry Skies alone
Thy Preſence is confin'd:
But thou on Earth haſt made it known
In Bounty to Mankind.
The lab'ring Steer and bleating Sheep
And Fowl his Rule obey;
And all that in the ſpacious Deep
Purſue their watry Way.

CHORUS.

O Lord, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
How glorious is thy Name;
How glorious o'er this earthly Ball,
And yon celestial Frame,
Alleluia.

Wrote *June* 14th, 1752.

HYMN *from* PSALM CXIX. Ver. 54.

Thy Statutes have been my Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage.

WHILE on the melancholy Way,
That Journey of a Winter's Day,
Of human Life, I pass along,
Wherever, as my wand'ring Guest,
I bend my weary Head to Rest,
Thy Laws, O Lord! have been my Song.
Tho' all the horrid Shapes of Fear,
Of Danger and of Death are near,
Yet I perceive thee at my Side:
Tho' Shades of genuine Night profound
Enwrap my wretched Head around,
Thy Hand alone shall be my Guide.
Tho' here the Snares of faithless Foes,
There Torrents of involving Woes,

And

And there extend the Jaws of Hell:
Tho' Tempeſts gather in the Sky,
And wing'd with Fate tho' Arrows fly,
Thy Preſence ſhall my Tears expel.
Tho' from the dreadful Storm to fly,
No Cave, nor Hermitage is nigh;
Where I in Safety may retire:
Yet, while I wander thro' the Gloom
Of all my Pilgrimage to come,
Thy Statutes ſhall my Voice inſpire.
My weary Steps forever tend
Incertain, to a certain End;
The Space is Short, the Toil is long:
And, tho' my Voice is faint and weak,
Yet ſhall my Soul in Silence ſpeak
Of thee; the Subject of my Song.

SEPTEMBER 20th, 1753.

ETERNAL Rocks *Edina*'s Walls ſurround,
Aloft with Palaces and Caſtles crown'd:
Here Nature has the rich Material giv'n;
But Arts of Maſonry derive from Heav'n.
While *Drummond* does the deep Foundations caſt,
Sound ev'ry Trumpet ev'ry tuneful Blaſt,
Call ev'ry Star to bleſs the riſing Pyle;
And ſummon Commerce to the Periſtyle.
Tho' *Nimrod*'s impious Tow'r may check the Boaſt
Of Vanity deceiv'd, and Labour loſt,
The true grand Maſter was the *Theban* King,
Who built a City by the lyric String.

THE END.

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